# THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844

NO. 4011

*MAY 21, 1921*

## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

**THE DELAY IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE LIVING AGE IS DUE TO A GENERAL STRIKE OF THE PRINTING TRADES IN BOSTON. NEXT WEEK, WE HOPE TO RESUME PUBLICATION UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS —IN ACCORDANCE WITH ARRANGEMENTS MADE LONG BEFORE AND INDEPENDENT OF THE STRIKE.**

### FRENCH COMMENTS ON THE RUHR OCCUPATION

DISCUSSING the prospective occupation of the Ruhr, Raymond Recouly says in *Le Figaro* that this measure will present inconveniences and difficulties, but that they are very small compared with the immense advantages which France will obtain. "The Ruhr will put at our disposal the greater part of Germany's coal and its principal industrial district. Deprived of the Ruhr and of part of upper Silesia, Germany will have received its economic death blow. It will have to decide at once whether it is not better to come to terms with us than to suffer this disaster." Recouly thinks that "objections and resistance are probable" from France's allies, but adds, "Our good faith and moderation are above doubt. We have waited a long time, perhaps too long. . . England on the other hand is wrestling with difficulties of the most serious character, which engross the full attention of its rulers. The situation in Ireland is getting worse. . . The government is so short of soldiers that it has just asked us to relieve the four battalions it recently sent to upper Silesia. . . The miners' strike and the complications, which threaten to ensue from that do not leave Lloyd George much time for other matters."

Lt. Col. Reboul has contributed four articles to *Le Temps* in which he argues that Germany is able to pay the sums demanded of it. He scouts the claim that German industries are in such a bad way as represented. "The economic progress of the German Commonwealth has not been checked, in spite of what its leaders say, by the food shortage, the rise of wages, the scarcity of coal, or fear of socialization. The large firms have distributed dividends of at least 12%, besides laying aside large reserves and writing off their capital. . German manufacturers have secured heavy orders abroad during the last few months. They have contracted to supply locomotives to Spain at a very low price. . While waiting for an opportunity to reconquer its market in Eastern Europe, Germany is reestablishing relations with South America. . Important industrial groups are getting control of large manufacturing enterprises in Austria and

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Hungary. German branches are numerous in Norway, Czecho-Slovakia, and Roumania. . . The government is inaugurating extensive repair works on its railways. The city of Berlin has appropriated 300,000,000 marks to extend its metropolitan system.

### MOSCOW'S EASTERN TREATIES.

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN publishes the full text of the recent treaties concluded by the Soviet government and Persia with Afghanistan. Moscow binds itself not to interfere in the internal affairs of either country; it renounces all claims acquired under Tsarist agreements "tending to the diminution of the rights" of the other nation; it cancels all loans and financial claims of the old Russian government against these states as well as of concessions in those countries; and it seeks to put an end to religious propaganda in Islam countries. Certain territories are returned to Afghanistan which were taken by Russia some years ago. It is provided, however, that in case Persia is unable to prevent expeditions hostile to Russia from passing through its territories, the Russian government shall be entitled to employ its troops in Persia. Russia pays a subsidy of 1,000,000 roubles per annum to Afghanistan, and its agreement with both countries contemplates military cooperation in case of war.

### THE GREEK ARMY IN ASIA

A SPECIAL correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writing before the recent advance, describes the morale and discipline of the Greek troops in Asia Minor as above reproach. "Both officers and men hold strong political opinions—and those opinions are naturally intensely nationalist. Continuing the correspondent says: 'These are seasoned troops. They are in fine physical condition. . . Some of the men have been four years away from home. . . My opinion is that the army is anxious to finish off the war, but I am also convinced that they have no idea of drifting home and leaving the Turks in possession of the field. They want to finish the war by finishing them.' He adds that the Greek commanders have 'borrowed some ideas from us and the Americans', particularly in the way of providing canteens, hot baths, and other comforts for the ordinary soldiers. 'Leaving politics and the most distant future aside, the Greeks have established very happy relations with the Turkish villagers in the zone of operations." The peasants come each day from villages some distance beyond the Greek barbed wire entanglements to cultivate their fields lying within the zone of occupation.

### CHURCHILL IN PALESTINE.

Mr. Churchill, during his recent visit to Palestine, reassured the Arabs, but rejected as beyond his power, and opposed to his personal judgment and wishes, their demand that Jewish immigration stop. He said: "It is manifestly right that the scattered Jews should have a national center and a national home in which they may be united. Where else should this be, but in Palestine? We think it is good for the world, good for the Jews, good for the British empire, and also good for the Arabs dwelling in Palestine. The Arabs shall not be supplanted nor suffer, but they shall share in the progress and benefits of Zionism." . . . . The establishing of a national home, does not mean a Jewish government

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to dominate the Arabs . . . The British empire has accepted the mandate in the wider sense that Palestine belongs to the whole world, and this City of Jerusalem is almost equally sacred to Moslems, Christians and Jews." Sir Herbert Samuel said: "I believe my policy of promoting good will among the three sections of the community will yet prevail".

The Arabs who recently protested against the British policy of establishing a Jewish national home in Palestine, at their Congress at Haifa, are met by a counter-protest from the Beersheba Arabs, who profess that they are satisfied with the present administration of the Country, and "beg that the declaration of the Haifa Congress be not listened to, and the Congress made to withdraw its statement".

### POLAND'S CONSTITUTION.

On March 17 the new constitution of Poland went into effect, to the salute of the batteries in Warsaw citadel and a *Te Deum* by the Cardinal Archbishop in the cathedral. Poland thus becomes a republic with a president at the head. The latter is elected by Parliament for a seven-year term, after the French system. A provision in the original draft requiring the president to be a Catholic was eliminated during the debates in convention. Neither does the president become commander-in-chief of the armies during war. The bitterest conflict in the convention was due to an effort of the Socialists and Radicals to do away with the Upper House, a proposal defeated by only twelve votes. However, the Senate is elected, like the House, by the direct suffrage of the people. The constitution provides that national minorities shall have a right to employ their own language, and to establish and maintain welfare, religious and social institutions. The privileges of the Roman Catholic church have been maintained, but only 'as first among equals.' With the inauguration of the first Parliament under the new constitution, it is hoped that the country will be able to address itself with more confidence than heretofore to the work of reconstruction.

### ARGENTINE OPINION OF AMERICAN POLICIES

The latest issues of *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires to reach our desk contain extended editorial comment upon the Fordney tariff bill and upon President Harding's foreign policy. The general tenor of the former is that "it would be a very extraordinary way of protecting North American agriculture to reduce the country's manufacturing output by millions of dollars, in order to force the consumption at home of a certain quantity of wheat at present exported. The contraction of industry (following such a policy) will throw thousands of operatives out of employment, consumption will be reduced, and the United States will be more dependent than ever upon foreign markets for its grain."

The relation of this country to the League of Nations and European affairs in general is evidently a matter of relatively far greater interest to our South American neighbors than our tariff policy. *La Prensa* has consistently criticized the withdrawal of the Argentine delegation from the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva. It attributes to President Harding views much more moderate than the "Messianic" proposals of President Wilson. "He does not assume that the United States is going to govern the world. He confines himself to offering Europe

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reasonable and practical cooperation within the limits of his constitutional powers. . . Doubtless he will have the applause of all the statesmen and of a majority of the European statisticians and economists who eagerly desire an immediate peace, based on a recognition of the real economic needs of the world and not on military alliances." The attitude of the United States toward the League of Nations contrasts favorably, in the opinion of this paper, with the attitude of the Argentine which, after endorsing that project, rather petulantly withdrew its support. The President's silence regarding grave problems involved in the relations of the United States with its Latin American neighbors is explained as perhaps due "to judicious caution designed to ensure the government a free hand in dealing with these questions as they arise." Harding's approval of the Columbian treaty is, of course, highly commended. Upon the whole, *La Prensa* discovers in the inaugural message of President Harding 'auspicious tendencies which inspire sympathy and confidence."

### RELIGIOUS CONFLICTS IN YUGOSLAVIA

THE inclusion of large Roman Catholic population in the South Slav state, has produced friction between the Serbian state church, which belongs to the Orthodox or Eastern confession, and the western Catholics. According to Swiss reports, the government, which favors the Orthodox church in conformity with its political centralization programme, has set up new Orthodox parishes in the northern or Catholic portion of the kingdom, is exerting pressure to withdraw Catholic parishes from the jurisdiction of bishops who reside outside the kingdom, is taking school funds away from Catholic churches and giving them to Orthodox parishes, and is favoring members of the Orthodox church in political appointments. A correspondent of the *News' Zurcher Zeitung,* says that certain non-religious groups, representing the Radicals and extreme Liberals, are supporting the government in this policy. Catholic communities ascribed the willingness of Belgrade to relinquish territory inhabited by Catholic South Slavs to Italy, to the fact 'that it had no special interest in maintaining strongly Catholic territories.' Political considerations prevent close relations between the Serbian National Church and the recently organized Czecho-Slovak National Church; but the press organs of the former are in obvious sympathy with the separatist movement among their Czech cousins.

### A NOTE FROM UPPER SILESIA

A German woman residing in Upper Silesia writes to the *Vossische Zeitung* deploring the effect of nationalist agitation in that region upon family life. She recounts cases where 'a woman had to flee from the home of her parents because her life was threatened by her own family. She favored the Germans, her relatives favored the Poles. A mother is trembling for her son who has joined the Poles, while she is faithful to Germany. The saddest of all is that this bitterness and passion is being instilled into little children. 'They go about the streets singing insulting songs—the German about Korfanty and his cow, and the Pole about Germany.' This lady questions whether the propaganda literature—which her own countrymen employ in Upper Silesia—is 'always well selected from the psychological standpoint.'

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### RECONSTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH WORSTED INDUSTRY

AT a convention of the French Society of Civil Engineers recently held at Paris, at which President Millerand presided, a number of reports were presented upon the ruin wrought by the war in the industrial regions of Northern France. Among the six important centers of the woolen manufacture in that region is Fourmies, where the industry was introduced almost a century ago. The report shows that of the 651,000 worsted spindles, 88% were destroyed by the Germans. Of the 3,550 worsted looms, all were destroyed. The loss of machinery was approximately the same in mills which produced carded fabrics. The manufacturers of this region went bravely to work to restore their factories and had made a beginning before the government's preparations for reparation were available. At the present time, about one-quarter the former number of spindles and one-half the former number of looms are in operation.

### A COMMUNIST LETTER

According to a recent letter from Riga, a leading Communist recently remarked to a correspondent there: 'Lenin's concession of free trade is worse than twenty-five Kronstadt mutinies. Yet with this heroic measure, which is no doubt a most serious setback to communism in Russia, Lenin has done the greatest service to the revolution. I hope this concession may have come in time to thwart a terrible revolt of the peasants—one of those outbreaks which once started would smash not only the Communist party and the Soviet government, but everything left of the town civilization and probably the towns themselves.'

The same informant quotes Lenin as saying: 'To preserve the power of the revolution with the peasants against us, and with the world revolution slowing down, is a sheer impossibility. Simply for economic reasons we will have to give it up. This must be clearly understood by everybody and fearlessly expressed.'

### MINOR NOTES

The reported financial embarrassment of the Vatican as a result of the decline in the receipts of Peter's Pence from war impoverished Europe, which was discussed in an article from *Il Giornale d'Italia* in our issue of December 11, finds a new echo in a semi-official denial of a rumor recently circulated by a Rome clerical organ, *Unita Cattolica,* that the Holy See proposed to raise an international loan to be subscribed by Catholics all over the world. The London *Observer,* which is a Catholic daily, prints a Rome dispatch to the following effect: 'I am assured that though the income from Peter's Pence has diminished from some countries, owing to the war, on the other hand it has increased from others, and in general it is not any less than it was before the war.'

Recurring to the question of adobe or *pise de terre* as a construction material, *The Spectator* prints a letter from a subscriber containing an account of a bungalow which he recently had built of this material. It was erected by a contractor who had never before handled adobe. The 18″ walls made from clay, dug immediately in front of the bungalow, are set upon a concrete foundation "with a proper

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bituminous damp course, and another damp course on the top of the wall", in case of accidents to the roof. The window frames and door frames are of local oak. The walls are finished externally with cement and internally they are plastered. This "bungalow" is evidently a building of some pretentions, as the total cost including plumbing approached eight thousand dollars.

According to *Journal de Geneva,* Mr. Paleologue, when he was secretary general of foreign affairs in 1920, favored making Hungary the center of French influence in the former Austria-Hungary empire and the Balkans. He believed it advisable to favor the Magyars. Certain obscure negotiations, details of which have never become public, were initiated with a view to modifying the Triano Treaty, and restoring to Hungary a part of its former territories. It was thus proposed to assure Hungarian support for French interests in the Danube valley. People are now asking whether Paleologue, at that time, encouraged the project of restoring Charles to the throne. Many assert that he did. All this is naturally apropos of the recent attempt by Charles to recover the crown.

*Vossische Zeitung* reports that a German Company, in which the Krups are alleged to have a controlling interest, has received a thirty years grant of 140,000 hectares of forest land in the province of Llanquihe, Chile, where it proposes to erect extensive blast and steel furnaces, rail mills, locomotive works, and ship yards. According to this account the Entente protested against this concession, but the government of Chile, like the government of Argentina in a similar instance, refused to consider such interference.

We are indebted to the *Vladivostok Daily News* for the following paragraph:

In store at Gniloi Ugol is a large quantity of harvesting machinery and artillery which arrived from Czecho-Slovakia. On nearly all the machinery are "Passwords" such as "Comrade peasant with pride and pleasure we make machines for you", "Give bread to the Red Army, which is dispatched to the Polish frontier to break those bands which hinder our uniting", or "Hail Lenin and Trotzky" or "Hail united Soviet Russia and Czecho-Slovakia" and so on.

The *Japan Adertiser* reports the arrival in that country of a representative of the American Woolen Company, who is looking over the ground preparatory to the Company's erecting a factory either in Japan or China. 'China is thought to have a slight advantage over Japan. The wages in China are lower than in Japan but the tariff on imported wool in China is higher than here. . . The proposed factory will be built in the Far East to escape the high wages paid for labor in the United States.' The report says that the Company will expend several million dollars upon its plant, all the capital to be furnished from America. The Company's representative, Mr. Almeida, also observed that the explanation for building in the Orient was that the people whom he represented had 'vision.'

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# INTIMATE VIEWS OF FRANCE

BY HELEN CHOATE PRINCE

*[The following article, by a well known American novelist and the grand-daughter of Rufus Choate, is the substance of a paper recently read before the American Women's Club of Paris.*

From *The Paris Review, March* 10

(ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN MAGAZINE IN FRANCE)

WHEN, nearly twenty-eight years ago, we settled in Touraine, I had a number of ready-made dicta about France,—that the word home is not found in the French language, therefore the thing it represents cannot exist; and that the same may be said of nursery, which proves the lack of interest shown in children in this benighted country. I was soon to discover that the French word *foyer*—the hearth—is used figuratively as the very soul of the house, signifying and visualizing the home. Indeed there is an old saying: *Un homme sans foyer vit toujours en souci*—"A homeless man lives always in pain"—and it is true.

The French homes that I have had the privilege of knowing seem to me very beautiful in their solidarity. I do not think the individual has the same chance as in the United States or in England. In a country-house, for example, each daughter has her duties, such as care of the flowers and overlooking the household linen. One of the prettiest customs is the way the young girls serve coffee after meals, or afternoon tea, taking charge of the visitors and seeing that each one is looked after. In large places, far from cities, the wife and mother has certain days when she receives all those peasants who have need of medical or surgical care. In the Chateau a small room is devoted to a dispensary, and often I have seen my friends weighing powders, making pills or cachets, and dressing cuts or bruises. A very large percentage of French ladies had studied in the Red Cross and had their diploma and their *livret* or military order-book exactly like a soldier, long before 1914. Another characteristic of country life here, besides orderliness, is simplicity. There is very little of what we call fuss and feathers. If the modest requirements are not accomplished for some reason or other, it is nobody's fault. . . ., it is, generally, taken good humoredly. This reminds me of an episode in the beginning of our life in Touraine, and let me take the occasion to say that never was there a greater mistake than to say the French are inhospitable.

We had been treated with great kindness by a family living in a large chateau not far from us, where all was run on an opulent scale. We wanted to return at least once their many invitations, but I felt unequal to inviting them to dinner, having very inadequate servants whom I did not understand, and who most certainly did not understand me! But we mustered up sufficient courage to invite them to a five o'clock tea, an institution just beginning to be fashionable in Paris at that time, but not yet adopted by provincial society. How many times have I



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offered a cup of tea to a caller who happened in about five, to be met with a look of surprise, and the answer: "Many thanks, but I am quite well." Tea was then regarded as a remedy only. Our friends, however, were sophisticated Parisians, and I did my best to provide a perfect repast. Early in the morning I set a pan of milk to raise cream in the American way, explaining to the parlormaid how it was to be properly skimmed. I saw to all sorts of cakes and sandwiches and laid out my prettiest belongings on a big tray. Then, with a light heart I told the maid to bring it into the salon when I rang, and gave orders to a very small page we had to help her. Our guests arrived, two women, three men, all people of high standing in the diplomatic and social world. At the given moment I pressed the bell as if summoning half-a-dozen footmen, and tried not to watch the door too anxiously. After a long wait the small boy entered carrying one cup, which he timidly placed on the table; I asked him where the maid was, and to my dismay heard she had disappeared. We never found out what happened—stage fright, perhaps. There was nothing to do but to let that infant bring in the tea things, a spoon at a time, and finally I saw with satisfaction that all was ready, except my cream, so I summoned my guests, telling the boy to bring the cream. I can see him now when he reappeared. The room was very large, and as he entered he looked about the size of a beer-bottle, carrying the pan of milk unskimmed. My expression must have been terrific, for I did not open my lips, I only glared at him, and he transfixed, slowly turned all that lovely yellow cream on to the floor. Now here comes in the French simplicity. Instead of commiserating with me, or looking politely indifferent, each guest assumed a certain responsibility. Down on their knees they went and delicately spooned up the top of the thick cream. There was no crying over that spilt milk, only bursts of laughter—laughter renewed often in later years when we had become friends. It is this disregard of what Marcus Aurelius calls *non-essentials* that is an endearing characteristic. One of our first invitations came to a big breakfast at a chateau about seven kilometers away where a group of the neighboring chatelains were to be present. We knew that we should be passed in review and judged on that occasion. The old-fashioned calash drawn by a mature white mare was ordered from the inn at Amboise, the Lion d'Or, and we dressed ourselves in our best toggery—both in spotless white with all details perfect.

We waited for the carriage a little shy—at least I was. At the very last moment a boy came up the road in a leisurely fashion—no one ever hurries in Touraine—to tell us that there was a big wedding in Amboise and we could not have our carriage. No telephones! no taxis! there seemed nothing to be done. I drew a long breath of joy—ill justified, for my husband is a person of expedients. In two minutes we had appealed to the farmer, and in ten minutes we were perched high in the farm wagon filled with clean straw for the event, and our good friend Trilby had been transferred from the plough to the shafts of our chariot. My husband thought it a great lark and shook the reins over Trilby's back all the way, shouting with mirth when the peasants ran out to see the odd sight, attracted by the sound of an enormous bell that jingled at Trilby's throat. But I felt perfectly miserable, I own it to my

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shame, and when we saw a group of people waiting for us on the terrace of the chateau as we turned into the long, straight avenue, I could have jumped out to lose myself for ever. Not so my husband who coaxed Trilby into a lumbering gallop, and when we drew up at the steps of the chateau he threw the reins to a waiting groom and asked the company how they liked his thoroughbred. At once we were in a friendly atmosphere. Of course they were amused, but also very sympathetic and indignant with the Lion d'Or for breaking their promise. I can laugh now, but I was nearly thirty years younger then, and I can feel very sorry for the strange American being inexorably taken up to that group of strangers. I can still see our hostess putting up her lorgnon and then her gesture of surprise. But if my experience can help anyone else it is worth having passed a bad quarter of an hour so as to be able to say with authority that nice French people are entirely independent of and superior to the non-essentials of this life.

My second article of faith, that children were generally put out to nurse and received only frivolous attention in France also perished soon after our arrival here. In fact the whole family life turns round the child. No sooner do a young couple settle themselves than the question of the future children arises. They must be provided for; they must begin life as comfortably as did their parents; the *dots* must be saved by economy. This accounts to my mind for the apparent meanness of the middle and lower classes. I say *apparent,* for I do not think it is real. I recall the gifts of fruit, game and vegetables we have received from peasant neighbours —the eager, tender service in times of illness—the gracious hospitality offered and the many glasses of wine we have drunk in gay little gardens, the owners of which begged us to sit down for a while when we were walking by. But a franc, even ten sous, *never.* That does not belong to the parents; the actual money must be treasured against the day when the kids. . . . the *gosses,* as they call them, will need it all to begin their journey in this "bank-note world."

In all sorts of homes the presence of the child is inevitable, and I used to be made very impatient when an amusing story told at the table would be interrupted because Loulou was eating too much pudding, or Didi's appetite was not up to the mark. I regretted the absence of the nursery on my own account. And by the way, to us who were brought up to think the nursery one of the nicest rooms in the house, the very name awakening visions of bright fires, heaps of toys, and a general happy-go-lucky shabbiness dear to the child's heart, an allusion I read in a Spanish novel may be amusing. A woman not too exemplary, was being described, and one of the things brought up against her was that she followed the cold-blooded English fashion of having a room set aside for her children, that dreary place, called by indifferent Anglo-Saxon parents "nursery." So, in my inability to read the French heart at that time, I decided that we would give a small dinner, and show our friends what a few clever people gathered round our table could produce of wit and interest. With the help of a dictionary, a grammar, the cook's advice, and a word of counsel from the fishmonger, I composed three invitations to dinner, asking three couples, two of them without children. As I mentioned only "your husband" in the third invitation I felt quite safe

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when I received the reply that "we" will come with pleasure. We were fairly well settled by that time, and I felt no worry over the non-essentials, and was gaily dressing myself the morning of the festive day, when a knock at my door announced the eldest son of the last-named couple, a boy of sixteen. I said I could not see him, but would talk to him through the door; and wasn't I glad of the helpful screen when he stated his errand. I am sure the blood rushed into my face as he called through: "Mamma told me to say how very sorry she is that we cannot all come this evening. Blanche, Loulou, and Jean are too young to be out so late, and there will only be Marie, Renee, Marcelle and me, besides Papa and Mamma." I think I controlled my voice, and no one saw my scarlet cheeks. We went on to say that his mother thought I might like to have her bring their butler as there were so many guests, to which proposition I gave a glad assent. That was one of the pretty fashions of that time, and often in the years that followed have I seen the very efficient and magnificent butler from our friends' chateau waiting on our guests; and later in the evening when the children had begun to yawn and it was time to start on the long dark drive homeward, has word come back from the kitchen that the butler and coachman had not yet had their coffee, but would bring round the carriage as soon as possible. The relations between master and servant at that time were charming, and carried on the old family traditions. The grandmother of one of our friends was the famous Marquise de LaRochejaccquelein, who fought by her husband's side in the Vendeen war; when she returned to the old home in Touraine after the Restoration, she was followed by a host of faithful Vendeens, who settled in the village and kept their old customs. When our friend married a young girl from the North she came into almost a mediæval atmosphere. She has often told me of her feelings on New Year's Day when food and drink had to be provided for all the village, and every inhabitant filed through the hall kissing her on both cheeks! She said she used to run to her room afterwards and scrub her face with soap and water, dashing on quantities of cologne. The old heroine lived to a ripe old age, in spite of blindness, and many amusing stories were told of her. One of them concerned two servants who always accompanied her to Paris, where she went for two months every year, taking the same rooms at the Hotel des Saints-Peres, and invariably travelling in her own coach, despising the railway. One day after her arrival in Paris she told her two servants, man and wife, that she had tickets for them that evening at the Comedie-Francaise; that they were to enjoy themselves, and not come home until all was over, and she could take care of herself quite well. When they had gone she sat by the fire, probably seeing with the eyes that no blindness can dim pictures of her adventurous youth with the husband she had so dearly loved; she had prepared herself for a long, lonely evening when to her surprise the two merry-makers returned. In reply to her astonished question as to what had brought them back so early, they said that they had enjoyed themselves immensely, that they had seen a splendid hall full of beautiful ladies, and would have stayed longer, but that a curtain rolled up at one end and there were a lady and gentleman, evidently people of position, who began talking of family

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matters, and as it was not for them to hear secrets that did not concern them, they had left. When I read eighteenth century memoirs I am always finding allusions to this same sort of friendship between the employed and employers, and I often wonder if the rage against the rich that found such ghastly expression in the French Revolution was not in a certain measure the fault of the middle-men, the profiteers of that day. Not long ago I read the letters of the Marquise de Montegut, whose brother-in-law was our friend La Fayette. Her attitude towards the peasants on her husband's estate was that of a friend until the poison had begun to work, and there are many accounts of nursing the sick, laying out the dead, bringing babies into the world, and dancing at weddings among the village folk. Her mother, the Duchess d'Ayen, her grandmother the Duchesse de Noailles, and her sister the Vicomtesse de Noailles, were all guillotined at the same time. I have seen the *Imitation of Christ* that Mme. d'Ayen read during the last night she had to pass on this earth, and her tears have left brown stains on one of the pages. She wrote a short sentence of faith and courage for her other children, which she put between the leaves, and then helped her daughter support her old mother to the tumbril, all three calm and resigned. One of their friends was a priest, and he had managed to let them know that he would be near them when they mounted the scaffold; their eyes sought him in the crowd of jeering, hostile faces, where he was disguised as a workman; at the supreme moment he lifted his hand and the victims knew that he had given them absolution.

The other great passion in the Frenchman's heart is his country. It is not our love of country, it is of quite another quality. We love the heaven against which our Stars and Stripes float, be it east or west, north or south. The Frenchman loves his soil, and the soil of his own field best of all. How many of the people we know at home live in the houses where their fathers lived, let alone their grandfathers? Not many; but in this land it is otherwise. I had not realised the clinging love whose roots go far down into the past that exists in the peasant's heart until I had come in contact with the inhabitants of the devasted regions. Not long after the Armistice I was talking with the Mayor of the ruined town of Bouchoir in the Somme, to which the *Secours Franco-Americain,* of which I am president, had been assigned. As we walked through the inexpressible mass of fallen houses an idea came to me; I asked the Mayor why he could not at once collect all the bricks and slates that were intact, estimate the quantity, and begin the construction of a few houses with the remains of many. He looked dazed as I explained my plan, so dazed that I thought he did not understand me. But it was I who could not then understand him; he finally said in his slow, laboured way that I have since learned is his usual fashion of speaking: "That is impossible; no one could in that way get his own bricks." I was impatient and said of course not, but no one could expect that! He looked at me again with that confused expression, and then broke out: "Is any man in this village going to give up the right to the bricks his ancestors built with? No, never!" It was the same thing when we first tried to organise agricultural co-operatives in that department; they did not want their corn mixed with that of their neighbor; they wanted the

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very grains that had grown in their own fields. When I think of the attachment to the old ways I am amazed at the wonderful results these men have accomplished in their own fashion, and feel the truth of what my husband often says: "The French are the most radical in their speech, and the most conservative in their actions of any race."

Since those days many have been obliged to follow my suggestion, as it was found the best way to work; not that the idea came from me, as the Administration had already adopted it before it came into my mind. I am lost in surprise at the results obtained by the peasants; they form some sixty-five per cent of the population, and we all know that it was through them that France paid her debt in '70. There is no eight-hour day for them; they plod along year in, year out, doing the same things their fathers did; the women work as well as the men, in some places even more. For instance, in the island off the coast of Vendee where we live when we are not in Paris, it is interesting to watch the course of the seasons. The people live for most part in the town, their fields lying a few kilometeres from their homes, and they generally ride to their working place on their donkey. The women wear very full skirts, which they make into a sort of knickerbocker, pulling up the middle of the back breadth and fastening it on their belt in front; they then sit astride their donkey, and jog over the road to their potato patch, or their field of corn, knitting as they go; the men trudge alongside, and when they arrive the donkey is hobbled and set free for all day. I used to pity the poor little fellows with their feet tied in more or less until I wore, a few years ago, those impossibly narrow skirts and found how soon one got used to it. The peasants then fall to work, but never with any great show of energy; they dig, and plant, and harvest; at noon they sit under a tree or hedge and eat their frugal fare, a big piece of bread with cheese or butter on it; in hard times it is rubbed with a raw onion only; they drink some thin red wine; then the men roll cigarettes and go to sleep, while the women take their knitting and gossip. In due time work begins again, and goes on until the sun, their clock, tells them it is time to go home; the procession is reformed, and back they go to the little gray town. It is a life of discipline and frugality; it makes us see how it was that the poilu, coming from such stock, ate less and bore more hardship than any other soldier. This frugality mingled with simple pleasures has always struck us when we come in contact with the working classes of France. I remember a road-mender in Touraine who became one of our friends, although in the beginning I used to think of his namesake in *The Tale of Two Cities,* and feel horribly afraid of him if I met him in the dusk. He had about a mile of road to keep in order, and at this job he worked for eleven months of the year, receiving 600 francs therefor; his month of vacation which gave him another 100, he used to ask for at harvest time when he could find employment on the farms of that country. He had a little walled garden perhaps a hundred yards square; a low stone house, two walnut trees, a vegetable patch, a tiny vineyard, and some fruit trees. His wife and two children were always neatly dressed; they took care of the hens and chickens, and the vegetables, but he tended the vines after his day's work. The nuts made oil for their salad; the

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shells lighted their fires; they made wine for their wants; there were enough eggs for them, and at the end of the month the only bill of any importance was for bread. Four people fed and clothed and lodged for barely 150 dollars a year, out of which they laid aside 200 francs, and enjoying life! But they would never have told us of their affairs if we had not become real friends, for no one is more reticent than your Frenchman.

The blow that fell on them in '70 made many of the passing generation bitter, and the habit of underrating themselves grew on them. It is undoubtedly a virtue not to let your right hand know what your left hand doeth, but at times it is carried too far, and I must own to a feeling of exasperation when I find out by accident of noble, generous deeds done by my friends of which they have never spoken.

It is often said "Why have French women done so little for their own country? We hear they have let the Americans work, and have done nothing themselves."

Let me simply recount what one family with whom I am very intimate has done to my knowledge. The family in question consists of father, mother, a daughter and three sons; they are well-to-do, but what we should call land-poor, having very large and important estates, and not quite the income necessary to keep them up. Their social standing is of the best. The two oldest sons were at the front, the youngest being only seven in 1914 was exempt. The daughter at once entered a Red Cross hospital, afterwards having permission to serve in a hospital organised by her parents on their estate in the south. They cared for gravely wounded soldiers there until all small hospitals had to be suppressed by order of the Government; they then came to Paris, and the daughter entered the Val de Grace where she did fine work until she had a case of blood poisoning which nearly cost her her right arm, and left her so run down that she could not return to work. The father took charge of a radium ward in an annex of the Val de Grace and has seriously injured his health by his steady devotion to his patients. The mother took his place as Mayor of the village where they live in the south, leaving her little boy there, and passed half her time with him, attending to the duties of a mayor, and half her time in Paris to be near her husband and daughter, and also to see her boys from time to time; the oldest was wounded three times, but not seriously. She had a great many god-sons, and also sent provision every week to a German prison, where a nephew was a prisoner. I often went to the train to see her off when she left Paris for the South; the train started at nine, and she would sit up all night in a second-class compartment, filled to overflowing, as all the trains were at that time. At first I used to beg her to take a sleeper and only by chance learned that all the money she saved in this way went to the prisoners. She used to get a corner if possible, and when I would pity her for the fatigue of such a night she would show her knitting and her rosary, and say she had plenty to occupy her. Her brother was an officer, and his wife organized and entirely supported a large hospital, which from its importance was kept on to the end of the war. Not only did she give her money, but also her time, living in the hospital itself. Her sister ran two hospitals. A cousin of theirs had an orphanage for Belgian children; I had

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occasion to see her on business once in the summer of 1918, and after we had settled the matter as I was leaving her I asked if I might see her wonderful historic tapestries. She laughed and said, "Did you think I could keep my tapestries and run an orphanage at the same time? They are sold to one of your countrymen." Then she added with a little air of defiance as if she suspected disapproval: "I feel that I have a right to do as I wish with my own. I am a widow and have no children, so why shouldn't I please myself?" When I spoke of this to her cousins they had never heard of the sale. Another very charming woman I had lost sight of during the war happened to be in our neighborhood two summers ago; if anyone had asked me about her I should have answered offhand, "Oh! yes, perfectly lovely, but so worldly; they say her only idea is to marry her daughters to rich men." Well, she came to see me one day, and as we chatted away she asked if I minded her knitting. Of course I said no, and she drew out a stocking saying that it had become almost a vice for she had knit so much these last years she felt lost with idle hands. I spoke of her never looking at her work, and she said that was because she had been obliged to walk to and from her hospital during all the war-years much of the time in the dark, and that she felt she could not waste so many hours daily, and had taught herself to knit as she tramped over the six kilometres between her home and the hospital. Her husband spent the nights there, but she had her younger children at home, and used to leave her work to be with them. I could go on for hours telling of one family after another who did their utmost with never a word of self advertisement.

Again, where I believe there has been a mistake made is in saying the French are not grateful for the American effort. As far as my experience goes I have felt almost uncomfortable in being thanked with tearful fervor for the generosity of my country. I was greatly amused last summer by a slight mistake as to my nationality. I went to the annual committee meeting of an Associated Charities organisation of which I am a member. I knew only one person in the room, a nun who is the General Secretary, and after the reports had all been read I went up to speak to her. A French lady was already talking with her, so I waited, and heard her say how gratifying the financial report had been, but that they must remember that it was American money that had launched the affair. I broke in at that moment, naturally not intending to decry my compatriots' generosity, but wishing to say a word of warning as to the general insecurity of the future. I only had time to say "If it can only continue—" when the strange lady turned on me with flashing eyes. "It is evident that you can know nothing of the American character," she exclaimed, "if you doubt them in this way! But let me tell you, Madame, that they are the most loyal, open-handed, persistent in well-doing," and so on for at least three minutes. And all the time the nun was laughing under the wide wings of her coif, and finally she told who I was. After that we all three laughed together. It was very sincere, for the lady had no idea I was not French, and her support of America was not only energetic, it was red hot.

In the poor, ruined villages where I work the people are also grateful. It would touch you I am sure to hear the

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slight, accidental sort of things that drop from their lips, perfectly unpremeditated. I suppose that many Americans who have been through a part of the devastated regions, have heard it said, as I have: "How slow they are; it is extraordinary that they have done so little. I wish I had fifty good smart Americans here, and I'm sure we'd clean things up with a rush." These criticisms are easy to make, but if you had been to those regions, as I have, month after month; if you realised that three-eighths of the working force of French manhood is destroyed, either killed or maimed, and that not only their working place in the world must be filled, but the helpless widows and children provided for; if you had seen old men, women and young boys trying to do the job of stalwart men, then I think you would feel with me that it is wonderful so much has been accomplished. In the department of the Somme railways running, roads in first rate condition, large harvests gathered in, electric plants functioning, sugar factories beginning to produce—to me, who has seen the land in its first overwhelming desolation, all this seems a miracle. I remember walking home one evening in September 1914 near the sea in Vendee, we passed a field and in the dusk noticed a man and two little boys ploughing. They came to the end of the furrow near the road as we passed, so we stopped to say a friendly word, and remarked that it was late in the year for such work. The man replied that he was called to the army and must leave the next morning, and that his *gosses* must learn to take his place and help their mother.

They were only seven and nine years old, and the horse towered up above them; we often saw them the next spring and their work bore good results; but I never saw those serious little fellows trying to replace their father without a lump in my throat.

That first year of the war, during which we stayed in our country home, has left an impression on me even more vivid than the rest of the time when we were in Paris. Though that too was vivid enough with the raids and the Grosse Bertha threatening us. But there is something very stirring in the memory of our island village always within sound of the waves no matter from which direction the wind sweeps over it. We used to walk in from our house every afternoon to get the mail, all that winter carrying a lantern so as to find our way back through the darkness. At the post-office always waited a crowd of peasant women who had walked many a weary mile to hear the news, and to bring the parcels of food for their men at the front. They would cluster together chattering like birds, their full skirts swaying as they moved, and their white caps bobbing from side to side. Their bundles were wrapped in white cloth as the regulations demanded with the addresses badly written in unformed hands. At a given minute the postmaster would tack up the official communication, and all the caps were turned in the same direction, and all the tongues ceased wagging. Then someone, generally an old man, would read aloud the curt sentences, and the women, who most likely had not understood a word, would silently disperse. The great moment of their day was over.

I am only going to tell you two more stories to emphasise what I have said of the two underlying feelings in the French. Last year my committee decided to build a more permanent and satisfactory dispensary than the one we already ran in a village of the

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Somme. After talking with the mayor on the subject it was arranged that the town should give the land, that we should put up the building, run it for a given time, and that then it should revert to the town. The position was chosen, we ordered the construction, and all seemed to be going merrily, when on my next visit to the village I was met by the mayor with a face as long as my arm, and the startling news that the plot of ground where the foundations were already prepared, could not be had. To my agitated question why, he said that the land belonged to an old donkey of a woman who had promised her son to sell, but who had positively refused to sign the papers when they were presented to her.

Her son, who lived in Amiens, had come to argue with her, the Cure, the mayor and four-fifths of the inhabitants had been at her, but it was quite useless, and our dispensary was dished. As she needed the money no one could fathom her motives. I was very much upset, as it meant a large and useless drain on the funds that had been given to us for the purpose, and it put me in a disagreeable position. I asked the name of this unpleasant old lady, and when I heard it was Mere Tricot, I felt a faint glimmer of hope, as she was one of my friends. I said I would go and talk with her myself, to which the mayor replied, not in spoken words, but with a slight gesture, that I was a fool for my pains. I paid no heed however to his hint that my time would be wasted, and at once went to her little hut where she lives with two grandchildren. After a little desultory conversation I said, "Well now, what is the trouble about the land?" A look of stubborn obstinacy came over her face, and all she replied was, "You would not understand." I urged her to try and explain her position, and finally she said, "The Mayor, and Monsieur le Cure and my son think I am a fool, and can't understand." Now there is a certain free-masonry among us women which led me to shrug my shoulders and say, "Men never understand what we mean," which had an immediate effect. The poor old soul burst out with a rush of words, telling me that this little bit of land was the first she and her husband had bought after their marriage fifty years before, that she had tried to make up her mind to part with it, for she needed the money, but that she felt the food would choke her bought with it. The tears came into my eyes, and I said, "But I do understand, and I should feel just as you do." "They've been telling me how angry you'd be with me. . it only shows how much men know," she replied. I suggested that she should let it to us for fifteen years, to which she agreed gleefully, and as she must be nearly eighty, I am quite sure that the town authorities will own the land one of these days. But she made me agree to one concession, that she may have a tiny house built for herself to die in, made with the bricks of her old one that she with her poor, tired hands had collected, washed and laid in neat piles.

Now, for a last word to illustrate the love of the "kids." During one of the hardest parts of the war an American friend whose life was devoted to distributing gifts among the French had a letter from one of her god-sons asking for certain things he needed, and he added that his wife would be grateful for a *layette*. Our friend made up two generous boxes of the desired articles, sent them off, but by mistake she mixed the addresses. The consequence was that

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when the soldier in the trenches summoned his friends to share the good things he was certain to find in the box that had come for him, they discovered instead of tobacco, chocolate, pipes, socks and kindred articles, a dainty set of baby clothes. You can imagine the roars of laughter that went up, the jokes that were made, and the distraction afforded in their lives of danger and monotony. The little dresses and shoes, the caps and bibs were laid out on a rough board... and then a change came over these men. A silence fell on them, and one quietly knelt down before the board as if it were an altar. The others followed his example, and there, with death surrounding them, they knelt. It was in truth an altar before which they were. The baby clothes were the symbol of their sacrifices; they were offering up their lives that their kids, their *gosses,* might be spared.

## IBSEN IN TRANSFORMATION

BY ERIK LIE

From *Berliner Tageblatt, April* 3

(RADICAL, LIBERAL DAILY)

TIME was, as we all know, when Henrik Ibsen was not the severe, distant, Olympian personality which he later became. The stories which his friends tell of him in the days of his youth and young manhood give us a very different picture of the future master,—a picture growing fainter with the lapse of time. Nevertheless that was, perhaps, the critical period in his personal and poetic development.

Young Ibsen had a hard and self-denying youth. As a student he was known for his bitterness and acrid humor. He was a regular frequenter of *Petri Kirke,* a Christiania cafe where young writers were wont to gather and where he was usually the first to arrive and the last to go.

At this time the student world was divided into three groups: the Romsdober, led by Bjornson and by Vinje and Ernst Sars; the Sondmoringer, which included Jonas Lie and several gifted and artistic medical students; and a third group of the older students, among whom Ibsen was the undisputed leader. He towered head and shoulders over any of his comrades. He was famous for his wit and ready repartee, and feared for his sarcasm. He was a tremendous talker and an untiring debater, and his readiness of speech and aggressive temper caused him to be nicknamed by his friends *Geert Westphaler.*

Later, during his first sojourn in Rome, in the '60's, he was still the same,—brilliant but caustic—and critical in conversation. His funds were so low that he suffered actual privation. The great change in his circumstances occurred at that time, while he was working on *Brand.* It revolutionized both his manner of living and his personal demeanor. A well known Swedish public man, Emil von Quanten, whom I met in Rome in the '90's, told me the following incident regarding Ibsen in 1864: One day several Scandinavians, including Ibsen and his wife, planned to make an excursion into the country. The party went out to Frascati, where they hired mules for a trip up the mountain. Ibsen was poorly clothed and

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noticeably silent, quite evidently in bad humor. He would scarcely answer when addressed. During the day he disappeared on his mule, and everyone supposed he would wait for the party at the next village. When they got there, however, he was not to be found. Mrs. Ibsen was surprised, but thought he would rejoin the company a little later. However, the day passed and Ibsen did not turn up. His wife became very embarrassed and depressed and said hardly a word. Her feeling communicated itself to the others, and the whole trip was spoiled. When they got back to Frascati that evening, the poet was sitting in the hotel gloomy as a thunderstorm.

'But do you know', continued Quanten, 'what happened next day? Ibsen got up in the morning, put on a fresh shirt and a new suit—and from that moment dates the mature, reserved, tight-mouthed, aloof Ibsen, the genius who wrote the world familiar passage about the will, 'which alone determines whether we are to be free men or serfs.' From this day on even his handwriting changed. Scandinavian records exist in Rome which show that he gave up his earlier rather characterless handwriting at that date, and adopted the firm backhand writing, with its lapidary preciseness, which he invariably used thereafter. The sudden change in the whole personality of the poet astonished everyone. Jonas Lie wrote in a letter dated September 4, 1875: 'Ibsen is here in Christiania and goes out a great deal. He has become somewhat older and mature in person and opinion. I take it that he is fundamentally a follower of Bismarck's political theories—which he is free to endorse as much as he likes. He is logical,—that is, he is so in his literary art. Had he been a statesman he would have proved a fanatic.

This new, polished, reserved Ibsen pose, will go down to posterity as truly representing his deepest nature and his real character. But it may fairly be asked whether the old Ibsen did not survive behind the mask.

One summer in the '80's, while Mrs. Ibsen was on a visit in Norway, the poet came to Berchtesgaden, where Jonas Lie frequently spent his vacation. He was already a famous man whose writings had attracted the attention of the reading world of every country.

At this little mountain resort Ibsen took a walk with invariable regularity every forenoon and afternoon. His step was noticeably short and cautious. In order to avoid his numerous acquaintances, he was wont to select some out of the way path, so that one occasionally met him in unexpected places. He was fond of sitting in the evening at a table in the cafe *Deutsches Haus* to read his paper. Ordinarily he wore a riding suit; but when he visited Lie he always came in patent leather shoes, an overcoat, and a plush hat, inside of which he carried a little mirror.

One Saturday afternoon he was sitting in his usual place in the cafe absorbed in his paper.

'I beg pardon, Doctor,' someone suddenly spoke in his ear. Ibsen looked up.

'Perhaps you do not recognize me, Doctor. I am Josephenson, the theatre director from Stockholm.'

The poet's eyes flashed fire. He was indignant because he had not been left at peace. The result was that Josephenson got away as quickly as possible, and hastened over to Jonas Lie. He was quite as angry as was Ibsen.

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'Isn't it scandalous' he said, 'that Ibsen's reputation should have gone to his head so? I come to here to Berchtesgaden, and am surprised to meet him—and he hardly gives me even a surly word. How has he escaped making mortal enemies of the gentlemen who have presented his plays in German theatres?'

Josephenson—who nevertheless was frequently seen in Ibsen's company during the following days—had scarcely left Lie's house when Ibsen burst in. He was still boiling with rage at what he considered Josephson's intrusion, which left him no peace even at this remote village.

However, his good humor returned at supper time, and a little later, when toddy was brought in, Ibsen had forgotten his irritation. The room gradually filled with tobacco smoke, and the poet chatted away as he used to in old days at student *kneipes*.

Lie said: 'We are living in a period of transition. A generation hence our poetry will be like a green oasis in the midst of a desert of new ideas. We must comfort ourselves with the thought that we have done our best in the fight to preserve culture.'

Ibsen replied: 'Culture and culture again. The age needs an intellectual and spiritual elite. Modern man is an anarchist. He is a revolutionist. I don't mean in respect to society, I mean in his brain itself. Each individual man must fight his own way to liberty.'

Mrs. Lie interrupted: 'So you think you, for instance, could put a damper on a world revolution?'

'I mean' replied Ibsen, 'that a very competent engineer can put a whole city under water, if necessary.'

He emptied his glass and mixed another toddy. Then he suddenly exclaimed: 'Mrs. Lie, it is so peaceful and soothing here! How do you manage to insure your husband quiet for his work? I'm obliged to convert my residence at Munich into a regular citadel to repel the assaults of intruders.' The hour was already late, and Ibsen's face glowed with happiness. The higher his spirits rose the more he laughed and talked, and finally was sitting and chatting like a kindhearted gossipy, garrulous, *hausfrau*.

## BETHMANN'S OVERTHROW

[*The article which follows summarizes further disclosures by H. P. Hanssen, former representative of the Danish party in the German Reichstag, concerning the controversies which raged in the Reichstag committees during the critical years of the war. Like our previous article, "Prussian Desperadoes and German Defeat", it is based on secret memoranda of proceedings made at the time.*]

From *Die Glocke, March* 14, 21

(BERLIN SOCIALIST CHAUVINIST WEEKLY)

THE fight over Erzberger's peace resolution followed immediately on the heels of the debates upon the submarine campaign. After the army and navy clique had forced the U-boat decision through, against the opposition of the Reichstag and the Chancellor, and the U-boats demonstrated within a few months their failure to accomplish what was promised, some movement in favor of peace became imperative. The Reichstag was called together on July 3 to provide fifteen billion marks more for con-

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tinuing the war. Ebert laid stress in the Appropriations Committee upon the fearful under-nourishment of the people. 'The morale of the nation is declining daily. Despair is seizing all. People have utterly lost confidence in the statements of the government. No one places any faith in its promises regarding the food supply, or the submarines. Therefore, we must make immediate efforts to get peace. We expect the government to publish a clear and unambiguous peace programme at once.'

The Cabinet representatives tried to smooth things over, but Erzberger backed up Ebert's position, and raised the question of ending the war. Payer joined him, and even Prince Schonaich-Carolath, a National Liberal, asserted: 'The articles which the government is having published, promising the speedy success of the submarine campaign and describing the harvest prospects as favorable, are outright deceptions!' The debate became very bitter, and was resumed the following day by Noske, who described the multiplying ranks of our enemies and the impairment of morale at home. Gothein followed with an estimate of our losses as 1000 killed and 600 captured every day, adding 'We can no longer keep the people with us merely by telling them that we will become slaves if we do not hold out.'

Hoch spoke even more vigorously: 'We can hold our lines. We have known that all along. But we can expect nothing more than that. The submarine campaign was our only hope. That has proved a failure. The government argues that we must hold out. But can we? We are at the end of our resources. We are already in the midst of revolution. The minds of the working men are even now filled with revolutionary ideas. The government is no longer trusted. The German people feel that everything has failed them,—their government, and their political parties alike. Every day, the number grows of those who say: 'It makes no difference what kind of a peace we get, if the war will only end. Gentlemen of the Cabinet, do not shake your heads like that! I am telling the truth! (Assent from the Social Democrats who say: It's true!) We are witnessing humbuggery and deception of the worst kind conceivable. The government must show its colors. We cannot be too emphatic and straightforward in saying that. Unless the government does act, it must be prepared for the worst.'

On July 6, Erzberger followed up these preliminary attacks by a great speech in the Appropriations Committee. This speech and the minutes of the meeting have never yet been published. He asserted that the appropriations which the government called for provided for another year of war. That fourth year of fighting would cost at least fifty billion marks. It meant dooming more than 200,000 Germans to death. Food conditions would not be better. That much was certain. The coal famine would grow worse. That likewise was certain. 'The government says: We must hold out! That is right. But we can and we will hold out only if there is a prospect that next year will bring us a better peace than we can get today. I don't believe it will. I consider it my duty to say that publicly. The navy has kept its promise so far as sinking tonnage is concerned. But the official prediction that the U-boats would force England to make peace within six months has been proved false. Therefore, we cannot trust the

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statements of the government as we have hitherto.'

Erzberger next showed that Helfferich's statistics on the submarine campaign proved that even if as much tonnage was sunk hereafter as had been during the last few months, the world's shipping still remained 77% of what it was in 1914, or at least 35,000,000 tons, of which enemy and neutral countries owned more than 30,000,000 tons. In 1918, assuming that Germany sank 12,000,000 tons, and 3,000,000 tons were constructed, there would still remain 24,000,000 tons, or enough to carry in a year five times that quantity of freight. Meantime, England and France together consumed in times of peace only 42,000,000 tons of food and raw material. 'Under these circumstances can we hold out long enough to force England to make peace? Have we reasonable hope of defeating England before we ourselves give out? Helfferich declares: We cannot have a peace of understanding. We cannot tolerate a "Scheidamann peace." But that is not the point. How can we end the war today? We must return to the position which we took when the war broke out. It is, of course, hard for many to renounce hope of the great things which we would have liked to get. But there is no other course.'

'I do not believe that the Kaiser is a pan-German. But this does not effect the fact that strong disapproval of the Kaiser is expressed on all sides. Men are indignant because the Kaiser is not closer to the nation at large. During the war, he has withdrawn into the background. However, his belligerent speeches are occasionally published to the soldiers, and have a very bad effect,—especially at a time like this, when the people are everywhere talking peace. The Kaiser should be informed of this. If the Tsar of Russia had not got so far away from his people, the revolution there might never have occurred.'

'We must try to lay down a peace programme which will enable us to end the war this year. We must keep on fighting under the same army leaders as hitherto. But what an important influence it would have, if a strong majority of the Reichstag should vote to place itself upon the platform of August 4, 1914, and declare that we are fighting merely in self-defense! All we want is to preserve our country, and we are ready to make peace on that basis. In face of our united stand on that platform, the thirty or forty thousand pan-Germans in the country would amount to nothing. But men say that Bethmann's word carries no weight in Germany, that only what Hindenburg says counts. The discord which prevails in the highest circles of the government is the worst obstacle to peace. But that must not deter us. Therefore I ask: 'Can we not agree to say to the government: We are prepared to make peace in accordance with the following terms? (The Committee was violently agitated and angry interruptions occurred. Men shouted: Where is the Chancellor? Wahnschaffe rushed out to the telephone.) During the war of 1870-1871, Bismarck tried three times to get an armistice in order to start negotiations for peace. No one can call that weakness. No one can reproach us with weakness because we stretch out a conciliatory hand.'

It is clear that this speech by Erzberger marked a turning point in the attitude of the Left and Center Parties toward the government, and gave them a dominant position in the

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Reichstag. Ebert at once seized upon this advantage by moving an adjournment: 'I believe that this speech brings us to the decisive point in our proceedings. It is necessary for the Parties to consider formally what action they will take toward this proposal, so that they can make an official declaration of their attitude toward it.' Zimmermann doubted whether Erzberger's motion would bring peace nearer, and droned away on the well worn theme, that such a resolution would be regarded as an evidence of weakness and prolong the war. Helfferich tried to show that the government had never wavered from its position in August 1914, of fighting a purely defensive instead of an offensive war. Nevertheless he backed up Zimmermann. Prince Schonaich-Carolath, in his capacity as a National Liberal, could not risk 'the consequences of such a radical resolution: 'It places us in the position of saying: We are played out. We must have peace at any price. (Vigorous protests.) This insures our getting a bad peace. If we do this, we have, in fact, thrown up the sponge.' Ebert summarized the indignant remarks on all sides at the Chancellor's absence: 'In the name of my party associates, I must express my deep regret that the Imperial Chancellor is not present. The situation is so serious that the Chancellor should have direct personal knowledge of the views expressed here. It would have pleased us likewise were the chief commanders of our army present. All other questions—the food supply, the coal supply, and the rest—sink into the background in face of the motion which has been made.'

Haussen's memoranda of the opinions exchanged privately among the representatives after the adjournment, afford interesting and significant glimpses into the situation. Cohen-Reuss said to Hanssen: 'It's high time to call a halt. I have complete information from Russia. Next year we shall be crushed. Hoffmann in Switzerland was, as we all know, instructed by the government. Russia, France, and England know it. Zimmermann knows that he is misrepresenting things.' Payer observed: 'No one has any faith in Helfferich's statistics (on the submarine sinkings.) No one cares to listen to him any longer.' Muller-Meiningen called Helfferich a mere political climber. 'His own father, who was a loyal Free Thinker, up to his death cautioned me against trusting him as a politician.'

The Poles saw, to use Korfanty's figure, that 'their harvest was ripening.' Trampczynsky said: 'We'll not join you there. We're no longer willing to recognize the platform of 1914.' Pospiech confirmed the growth of hostility to Germany in Russian Poland. Not five per cent of the people sympathize with the Germans. He is already looking forward to a Polish kingdom, including Upper Silesia and extending to the Baltic west of Danzig. Peirotes stopped, as he was hurrying by, long enough to answer to a question regarding a plebiscite in Alsace Lorraine: 'Not ten per cent of the people would vote to stay with Germany. Opinion is not clarified beyond that. Some wish to join France, others to join Switzerland, and still others to organize an independent government. If the only choice were between Germany and France, an overwhelming majority would vote for France.'

On July 7 the Committee continued to discuss the same question without interruption. Sentiment was very tense. There was an atmosphere of

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subdued excitement. Everything indicated that we might have a violent climax. Wahnschaffe pretended as usual that he was very busy. The Minister of War appeared, accompanied by several officers of high rank. Quessel confided to Hanssen an important resolution agreed upon between the Socialist factions the night before: 'It contains a demand for a true parliamentary government in Germany. A delegation has already been to the Chancellor to insist that representatives of Parliament shall be included in the Cabinet. We advocate a complete revolution in our system of government.' Ten minutes after nine, the Chancellor appeared, greeted the Cabinet officers and generals, and bowed in all directions. He had a depressed air, his countenance was scored by deep wrinkles, his hair had turned white. Wanschaffee was drafting a report. The Minister of the Navy had a short conversation with him. The session opened, the Minister of War took the floor and read a letter from Hindenburg: 'Since we must give up hope of an early peace, it is necessary to hold out until victory is won. The front stands firm. The enemy is held in check far from the borders of the empire. Sufficient food and raw materials are in stock to continue the war until the submarines have forced a decision. We can feel sure that our enemies will be ready for peace when they see that Germany is determined to hold out. Our food situation will be no worse next year. Any attempt to discuss peace will merely prolong the war.' (Agitation among the members.) The Minister of War added: 'Nothing is sure in war. But one thing is certain: if we yield now, we are lost.'

Erzberger proceeded to deal with Capelle (Minister of the Navy): 'The Secretary declared repeatedly last spring that America was a cipher from the military standpoint. A man who would make such statements is not entitled to much confidence from us. (Quite true.) It has been said repeatedly that the war would be over before America could get into it, that England would be done for before the new harvest was garnered. (Vigorous applause.) And so on and so on. A letter of Ludendorffs's to a privy councellor has been circulated in great quantities among the soldiers at the front. In this letter, the statement is made that the navy guarantees England's defeat before the end of August. I quite well understand why the Secretary is getting a little excited over this, but I am not the man responsible for that misleading prediction.'

Helfferich exclaimed truculently: 'If our hopes are disappointed, it merely means putting off the catastrophe a little longer.' (Dissent and interruptions: Still undecided! The people are starving!)

Scheidemann attacked Helfferich for his contradictory and misleading statements: 'In the autumn of 1916, Helfferich said that a submarine campaign would be a mad adventure. By New Year's, he was feeding us statistics to prove the opposite. Now he says: We can keep on if we do not perish in the process. Erzberger's argument has not been shaken by anything the Cabinet tells us. Every member of the Reichstag who has studied the question as his duty demands, is convinced that we cannot get a victory by force of arms. The whole world is against us. Our allies are mighty weak brothers. Our enemies are counting on a sure thing, when they count on our defeat. Privation and despair stalk abroad. See

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to it, for God's sake, that not a shot is fired, if some disorder occurs among the people. For mark you well, the day that happens, production will stop short throughout the whole empire. (Vigorous applause from the Social Democrats.) We must get the thing over. We must declare before the world that we are ready to make peace without annexations and indemnities. That may be a hard decision for many, but it is an imperative one, if we are to save our own country. It is high time for the government to say, without mincing words, that it is ready for such a peace.'

The men really responsible for the country's distress already had a presentiment of the crushing condemnation which was to befall them, and were seeking by every device in their power to elude their responsibility. Westarp bemoaned with false pathos: 'Erzberger's attack is as bad as a lost battle; it is a crime against the Fatherland. We are witnessing here a lack of courage, a remissness of duty, a distrust and irresolution which facts do not justify. (Dissent.) Such a spirit is neither Prussian nor German. (Dissent.) These false accounts of popular discontent are designed for the double purpose of forcing the government to make a peace with our enemies and to inaugurate political reforms at home. If you bring this measure before the Reichstag in open session, we'll be ready to defend our cause vigorously. Our army commanders can hold the front. Our submarines are delivering blow after blow against the enemy. Does all this justify a state of public mind like that after Jena? (Protest, indignant interruptions.) Yes, I prefer death to surrender. (Applause from the Conservatives.) We protest against Erzberger's motion, and an overwhelming majority of the German people will back us up. They do not intend to fight the war in vain. (Laughter: We have lost more than a million men!) If the Reichstag adopts such a resolution, it will do so in defiance of the majority of the German people, and of the Higher Army Command, which has the confidence of the people. We cannot accept a *status quo* peace. Your peace resolution will merely prolong the war. The man who leads our armies (interruption: Where? Where?) to victories unparalleled in the history of the world, tells us: We must fight on. The German people will follow him with a united front.'

Finally Bethmann brought himself to the point of conditionally opposing the motion. The standpoint of the government was and always had been the standpoint of August 1914. He did not wish to discuss the question whether certain parties had departed from that standpoint. He had always declared that we would not continue the war a day longer in order to gain conquests; that all we fought for was to protect our future. He believed this idea could not be stated more clearly than in the German peace tender of December 1916. Now it was proposed to make a new peace overture. He considered that unwise. It, too, would be scornfully rejected. If our enemies want peace, let them come to us. We stand firm on our peace tender of December 1916.

On the next day, Sunday, the eighth of July, a meeting of the representatives of the four principal parties occurred, and the same evening, Hanssen joined a number of Free Thinkers* at their *stammtisch* in Habsburger-Hof. Here it was reported

*An independent reform party.

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that Fehrenbach had supported Erzberger's motion from the outset, and that all but two or three of the other party representatives would do likewise. Von Bulow was mentioned on several occasions as the man who was pulling the wires in the whole affair. A high officer had expressed this suspicion to a member of the Bundesrat during the session of July 6. This was all associated with the reconciliation between Bulow and Erzberger, at Rome in the autumn of 1914.

Even the National Liberals took a definite stand against Bethmann in the July 9 session of the Appropriations Committee. Stresemann declared that the Chancellor ought to realize that public opinion was surcharged with electricity and that something must be done at once. He did not share Erzberger's gloomy views regarding the U-boat campaign. The time would come when England would be at the end of its resources. The only question was whether we would not perish first. Our enemies kept getting new allies. Our diplomats were meeting one defeat after another. Our Polish policy had proved a complete failure. If the speech of a single member of the Reichstag was enough to bring about such a crisis, this alone proved that the government had failed. The Chancellor ought to have understood the situation and acted in time. Instead of that, he merely listened and did nothing. Therefore, the parties in the Reichstag must take the matter in hand themselves. The sentiment of August 1914 no longer existed. But the Kaiser did not know it; and how could he know it, when he was completely cut off from the nation? It was the Chancellor's duty to tell the Kaiser that he should receive the representatives of the people, from Westarp to Scheidemann. (Vigorous applause.) We must assure ourselves that the Kaiser really knows how the people feel.'

'Hindenburg and Ludendorff have just visited Berlin. The Appropriations Committee indicated its desire to discuss the military situation with them. I ask the Chancellor whether he did not convey the wish of the Committee to the army leaders. We are told that Ludendorff is the man who put through our Polish policy; but the Chancellor bears the responsibility. If he cannot act as his judgment dictates, he must take the consequences and go. We are being told, also, that the army leaders are preventing the adoption of universal suffrage in Prussia. It is most unhappy that the military leaders are commonly regarded as the pillars of reaction in domestic politics. I ask the Chancellor whether these rumors are true or not. Erzberger has moved that the Reichstag endorse the demand for a *status quo* peace. Such a resolution would mean nothing unless the Reichstag is given more authority in the government; otherwise, the world will say: "The Reichstag does not count. The Kaiser and his officers run Germany."'

The attack of this National Liberal leader, who now discarded frankly his former advocacy of annexations, seemed to open Bethmann's eyes at last to the seriousness of the general discontent, and in a lengthy reply, he again tried to shirk his unescapable responsibility and to befuddle the situation. 'Stresemann charges us with incompetence because we have not tendered Russia a separate peace. The Reichstag supported me in the policy of not offering Russia a separate peace. Stresemann says our present Polish policy is dangerous. I still hold that the path we have taken is the

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best one so far proposed. Stresemann says our Belgian policy is a fiasco. What can I answer to that? In general, you must admit that our occupation of Belgium has had important advantages. Stresemann claims that our relations with our allies have grown worse. I deny that without qualification. Both the Emperor and the Cabinet of Austria show me every confidence. Stresemann charges that I have pursued a vacillating policy in regard to the submarine campaign. The truth is I opposed such a campaign so long as I believed that it would harm us more than it would help us. But the moment that I became convinced that the reverse was true, the campaign was authorized. Stresemann says that I am granting reforms to the German nation only drop by drop. Have we not agreed from the outset that political reforms shall await the conclusion of the war? Stresemann makes a great ado over my keeping the Kaiser from contact with the people. I would welcome closer relations between the Reichstag and the Kaiser, and I am ready to arrange for meetings between Parliamentary representatives and the Kaiser. The Minister of War dealt with the request of the Appropriations Committee to hear from Hindenburg personally his opinion of the military situation. Hindenburg and Ludendorff were in Berlin only half a day. I do not know whether the Committee's wish was communicated to them.'

The way he wiggled around this fundamental fact of his fictitious chancellorship is characteristic: 'The influence of the Higher Army Command upon our policies—and especially upon the reform of the franchise—has been the subject of much legend building. Political and military questions are often closely allied in times of war. It is quite natural, therefore, that friction should arise. That occurred in 1870 and 1871 between Bismarch and Moltke. . . I regard it, nevertheless, as my duty, and I have the impression that the Higher Army Command likewise regards it as its duty, to do all in its power to avoid such friction.'

Bethmann tried to ease the situation for himself by picking out differences of opinion regarding war aims among the Centrists, the Free Thinkers, and the National Liberals. Only the Social Democrats and the Conservatives had, in his opinion, a press which advocated policies identical with those of their party management. 'The only point upon which they seemed to agree, is in their personal opposition to myself. They insist on a clear, outspoken peace programme. But we cannot have a clear, outspoken peace programme until negotiations for peace begin. I warn you earnestly against tying the hands of the men who are to handle our peace negotiations. Above all, do not adopt a weak resolution. (Interruption: 'Pan-German resolution then?') No, no pan-German resolution, but neither a resolution which says: We are played out. (Protests.) If you can however, create the opposite impression through a Reichstag declaration, you will do the country the greatest service. We can create an impression of strength by stimulating zeal for the war at home, the way Lloyd George is doing. We can produce an appearance of weakness by endeavoring to end the war as I am asked to do.'

'Stresemann wishes the immediate introduction of parliamentary government in Germany. I am by no means convinced that we really want parliamentary institutions of the kind they have in America, England, France,

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and Italy. I believe that the parliamentary system is unsuitable for Germany. (Protests.) We must find some other way of cooperating with each other, and letting the Reichstag share the responsibility of running the government.'

David tried to disperse this fog of evasions and half-truths, to place the responsibility for political leadership where it actually belonged, and to show the necessity for granting Parliament a more direct share in shaping government policies. He stigmatized the attacks of the pan-German press upon the secret proceedings of the Appropriations Committee as perfidious and infamous, and as intended to prejudice the Kaiser against the Reichstag. Then he placed the responsibility directly upon Helfferich and Capelle for misleading Parliament as to a U-boat campaign making the enemy seek peace. 'To continue this policy will be an unpardonable crime against the German people. Helfferich said only two days ago: "We can certainly make England gasp like a fish out of water." He nods assent. But that is bluff. If we collapse inside of six months, England will not be gasping like a fish out of water. But Germany will succumb, like a mortally wounded lion, on the field of combat.'

'What is the attitude of our army leaders, toward both domestic and foreign policies? That is a riddle. We are told that the army leaders endorse the pan-German standpoint. They read by preference pan-German papers. Mr. Von Oldenburg is a frequent visitor at Headquarters. Others say the Higher Command is not pan-German. What are the facts? We do not know. The Chancellor is our only connecting link with the Higher Command, and he swings back and forth here like a pendulum. We ask, as Stresemann asks: Why did the army leaders fail to discuss matters with us? If they are unwilling to do so, is it not the Chancellor's duty to inform the Kaiser? I ask an explicit answer. The present situation is portentous with dangers. The Chancellor desires to be an intermediary between the Reichstag and the Kaiser. We do not want that. We want to talk face to face, and to understand each other, as they do in countries under a Parliamentary government. There is no other way. Our army leaders are responsible for our policy in Poland and in Belgium. But who is responsible for our policy toward America? The reins are dragging on the ground. Therefore, the Reichstag must take matters in hand.'

'What do we want? We want explicit repudiation of the pan-Germans. We want to hammer into the heads of people outside Germany that pan-Germanism is not the doctrine of the German people. We are told that such a statement will be regarded as a sign of weakness and will prolong the war. That is false. We are still strong enough from the military standpoint, to belie the assumption that we beg peace because we are beaten. But if we do not take action now, the day will come when it will be too late to do so, a day when our professions will be received with scornful laughter. For that reason, let us get out of a situation which threatens ruin.'

'Bethmann asserts that he has never mentioned annexing Belgium or annexing North France. The government has declared itself ready to conclude peace with Russia without annexations and war indemnities. Why does he not speak it out then frankly and clearly,—that he is ready to make peace on this basis. At least ninety

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per cent of the German people are ready to send the pan-Germans and their annexation plans to the devil. We are fighting for our house and home. The government is faced by a decision. So is the Reichstag. The fatal hour has come. If we do not choose right, we shall fall into the abyss. Something must be done to bring all the agencies of the government together. We must establish a frank and honorable relation of confidence between the people and the Cabinet and Crown. Unless we can do so, there is no hope. We do not threaten revolution. We are doing our best to stave off a revolution. If the government follows the Conservatives, it is lost; if it follows us, it is fulfilling its duty to our beloved Fatherland.'

After Erzberger had again demonstrated the errors in the calculations of the navy and its champions, and had reasserted his demand for a step toward parliamentary government by putting representatives of the leading parties in the Cabinet, the men actually guilty of the irreparable blunders which had been committed again tried to shift the blame to their opponents. Helfferich brazened it out: 'The government cannot consent to a resolution, the contents of which it does not know. (Confusion and violent expressions of dissent.) David accuses me of painting the situation too favorably; but my calculations are right. It is not bluff, but my honest belief that England will soon be gasping like a fish out of water.' Westarp, contemptuously passing over the servile Cabinet, arrogantly asserted: 'Erzberger has done us irreparable harm by presuming to doubt the success of our U-boat compaign. Neither do we approve the Chancellor's policy. He is not sufficiently prepared to consult the wishes of the Conservatives in regard to our domestic programme. We have been asked whether we refuse to consider a peace without annexations and indemnities. We cannot give an unqualified yes or no for an answer. We must know first what a *status quo* peace means. Is England ready to relinquish all our colonies, which it has overrun, and Mesopotamia and the rest? What do our allies and our army commanders have to say? Would not a proposal of peace in their opinion weaken our military position?'

Fehrenbach endeavored to act as a mediator in his concluding words, by defining a peace of understanding as one which did not necessarily exclude some changes of boundaries and some compensations. 'The main point at issue, was whether territories should be ceded under compulsion and other nationalities oppressed. This was a sword which cut both ways. He did not wish a change in the personnel of the government, if the Chancellor arranged matters with the majority and endeavored vigorously to carry out its will. No one wanted to start a parliamentary government over night. But parliament must have a share in the administration. And that must come soon.'

After this frank expression of opinion by party leaders representing a majority in the Reichstag, all pretense of constitutional government ceased. This was clear at once, although even the autocrats themselves tried to put on the brakes, and during Michaelis' brief chancellorship there was a nominal return to the old system. On July 8, a Crown Council was held to discuss the political situation. Erbert moved an adjournment the following day in view of this, and his motion was carried in the Com-

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mittee. Bethmann characterized the newspaper reports of the Council as fanciful, but refused to give any information whatever regarding its proceedings.

On July 11, Hanssen met a group of members in the Reichstag gathered around Noske, who brought word that the Kaiser was tired out and despondent. He insisted that the demand for Parliamentary government be postponed. Nevertheless, the Russian revolution had made a profound impression upon him and his intimates. He no longer had the courage and resolution to oppose democratic institutions in Germany. It was a great misfortune, however, that the government was going forward so slowly and hesitatingly, instead of cordially starting thorough-going domestic reforms. Even Blunck, a Free Thinker, said: 'The Reichstag actually has the power. The government can be forced to yield. If it does not, we will have a general strike.'

On the morning of the twelfth, the imperial edict providing for equal suffrage in Prussia was published. Bethmann's overthrow was generally seen to be inevitable when the *Lokal Anzeiger* of July 12—which was then appearing under another name to evade military orders forbidding its publication—reported the retirement of five Conservative Prussian ministers. Hanssen was the first to bring this news to the Reichstag. Hermann Mueller, who had just got back from Stockholm, declared: 'More must go. We must make a clean sweep!' Hanssen met Mugdan in front of the Reichstag building, who said in connection with the crisis: 'Franchise reform will do no good if the Chancellor stays. In that case, there will be a more violent crisis inside of three months, and the Kaiser will have to abdicate!' On the thirteenth of July, the Committee met only to adjourn again on Ebert's motion, because the government was not yet ready to announce its attitude toward Erzberger's resolution. As a substitute, there was an informal interview at the General Staff offices that afternoon between the party leaders and Hindenburg and Ludendorff. During the interval, Bethmann had resigned. To everyone's surprise, the two generals approved the essential points of the peace resolution, only Ludendorff desired 'a little more pepper in the end.' Nothing was said about the Chancellor at the meeting. On July 14, Michaelis was appointed Bethmann's successor. The night previously, Mugdan made the prophetic remark at their *stammtisch* in Habsburger-Hof: 'Hindenburg's interference is a big blunder, sure to make a most unfavorable impression abroad. Our enemies are certain to make capital of it.' He thereby placed his finger on a fatal defect of the peace resolution.

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# RUSSIA AGAIN IN TRANSITION

*[The first of the following articles is by Hans Vorst, an authority upon Russia often quoted in the Living Age. It appeared in the radical liberal Berliner Tageblatt of April 5. The second article is from the editorial columns of the March 18 and 19 issues of the Rote Fahne, which is the Berlin official organ of the German Communists.]*

## I

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the crushing of the Kronstadt revolt, the Soviet government has obtained what seem on the surface to be other important successes. Faced by domestic dangers of a sudden and serious character, the leaders have composed the party controversies which were becoming threateningly violent. The Communist leaders, who had begun to revile and fight each other like Homeric heroes, suddenly realized that they must hang together if they were to survive the hostility of the Russian masses. Consequently at the Tenth Congress of the Communist Party, which has just ended, Lenin's proposals regarding every controversial issue were adopted by an overwhelming majority.

Furthermore, the Bolsheviki have won notable successes in the foreign field. After long delay and dallying and haggling, they yielded to the urgency of the Poles, who were exceedingly anxious to conclude the Riga peace before the plebiscite in Upper Silesia. But in doing this they seized the opportunity to extort a big reduction in Poland's claim for gold, a crucial point for Moscow just at present.

Before the outcome of the Kronstadt adventure had been decided, the Anglo-Russian trade pact was signed at London. This caused violent indignation among anti-Bolshevist Russians, who charge England with thus giving aid and comfort to the Soviet government just when its opponents were waiting with bated breath for its collapse.

Last of all the public has just learned that the negotiations between Germany and Russia regarding war prisoners have culminated in an arrangement protecting the respective rights of the citizens of each nation in the territories of the other. This is generally understood to be the first step toward a resumption of trade between the two countries. Even Russian anti-Bolsheviki recognize that Germany is forced by England's policy to provide for a speedy resumption of trade with its great Eastern neighbor. Therefore, the criticism of the Russian opponents of Communism is directed mainly against London. At the same time, the German agreements have strengthened the Soviet Republic abroad and increased its prestige.

Notwithstanding these series of victories both within and without the country, the latest measures of the Soviet authorities prove that the threatening developments of the last few months, culminating in the recent revolt, have given a serious shock to the whole system. The Moscow leaders have precipitately made far-reaching concessions to the common people of Russia which represent a complete departure from their previous policies. Hitherto the Soviet



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system has been based on the principle that all trade, and especially trade in provisions and raw materials, shall be nationalized. In conformity with this theory, the government consistently endeavored to compel peasants to deliver their surplus crops to the state, permitting them to retain only so much as was necessary to feed their families and plant their fields. Now the Tenth Communist Congress suddenly resolves to change this system and to go a long way toward restoring the hitherto reprobated freedom of commerce. By a joint decree, the Pan-Russian Central Executive Committee and the Council of People's Commissioners for carrying out this resolution, a fixed tax in kind has been substituted for the delivery of the entire surplus crop hitherto demanded, and the peasants are given the right to dispose of the balance in any way they see fit. Simultaneously, a proclamation has been issued by these two governing corporations to the peasantry explaining the effect of the new decree: the tax in kind is to be much smaller than the compulsory requisitions hitherto enforced; the new tax is to be fixed before the sowing of the spring crop so that the peasant may know in advance how much of his crop he must pay the government and how much he will have for his own use; the liability of the whole village for the tax of its individual members, which survives from the days of the tsars, is abolished and the tax in kind is levied against each farm, in order that—as the proclamation states—the industrious and laborious peasant will no longer have to shoulder the burden of his lazy neighbor. The proclamation further states explicitly that the peasants will not hereafter be compelled to barter their crops for the products of state factories or for goods imported by the state, but that they may dispose of them through the Cooperative Societies and in free markets. A decree of the Councils of the People's Commissioners of March 30 has already proclaimed free trade in grain, potatoes, and forage for the greater part of Russia, and fixed the tax in kind for the season of 1921 and 1922 at 240,000,000 poods, as contrasted with requisitions for 423,000,000 poods last year.

These concessions are expected not only to allay the growing hostility of the peasantry, but also to give them a motive to increase the area they cultivate, which has been declining seriously during the last few years. Hitherto, the peasants have been inclined to till only enough land to feed themselves because they felt that any surplus would be taken away from them. However, it will not be enough to tell the peasant in advance how much he has got to give the government and how much he will have to dispose of for himself. The Soviet authorities are perfectly aware that the products of agriculture will not increase until the peasant has good reason to hope that he can exchange his excess for the manufactured articles which he needs. In addition to encouraging by every means in their power the importation of such goods from other countries, the rulers are already arranging, as a Moscow wireless informs us, to grant another radical concession. The tax in kind is to apply not only to agricultural products but also to the products of factories which have not yet been nationalized and to the products of household industry. These household industries have extended very rapidly of late as a result of the socialization of the factories. So all these establishments are to be permitted to dispose of their output in free

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markets after delivering a fixed proportion to the government.

In order to appreciate properly the significance of this sudden reversal of policy, we should bear in mind the uncompromising and inflexible way in which the Soviet government has hitherto persisted in its schemes for monopolizing domestic trade. Obviously, the Communist leaders did not suppose until recently that it would be necessary to make such concessions. At the Eighth Soviet Congress last December, the same measures which the government has now adopted were demanded by the peasants' representatives, but were denied by the government's delegates as incompatible with the Bolshevist economic policy and a dangerous step in the direction of free trade. Instead of this, a law was enacted for the regulation of agriculture designed to compel the peasants by force to increase the area under cultivation.

This proves that the Soviet government has adopted its new policy under powerful pressure. The revolt of the Kronstadt sailors, recruited like the rest of the Bolshevist army and navy mainly from peasants, and the growing discontent in the Red Army may have warned the Bolshevist leaders of their danger. Kalinin recently spoke in the Central Executive Committee of the constant peasant revolts which have been spreading beyond their original center in the Ukraine to Great Russian villages. Lenin's speeches indicate that he is perfectly aware that the new system has bourgeois features and will make it possible for small capitalism to reassert itself. However, he says it will be even more dangerous to permit the present fearful economic distress to continue, since it will soon bring the Proletariat to the end of its powers. In his address to the Party Congress on March 15, he said: 'The situation as a whole is such that we must either satisfy the fairly well-to-do peasants and accommodate ourselves to freedom of commerce, or by our hesitation we shall make a world revolution impossible and soon find ourselves unable to maintain a government of the Proletariat in Russia.'

However, we must not expect too much from these new economic measures. For the time being, things remain just as they were. It will take several months to work out the new laws and put them into effect. Until then, the old regulations regarding the requisition of grain remain in force. Furthermore, the tax in kind assumes a new character when we bear in mind that it calls for more grain than has actually been collected under the old system. Last of all, agriculture cannot be stimulated until it is possible to provide the markets with a large quantity of industrial goods. This requires unrestricted trade with foreign countries and freeing Russian factories of the present hampering, and lifting the incubus of domestic control from domestic industry. However, the concessions so far made are intended to satisfy merely the petty bourgeoisie and to forestall the danger which this class presents to the dictatorship of the Proletariat, or better said to the dictatorship of the Communist Party. That dictatorship it is proposed to maintain at every cost. It is intended to rescue just as much Communism as possible. A revival of private industry will not be tolerated.

The optimistic utterances with which Lloyd George greeted the conclusion of the trade agreement between England and Russia, and commented upon the new policy of the Bolshevist rulers, far overshot their

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mark. Secretary Hughes has appraised the situation far more accurately in his reply to the Bolshevist government, in which he says that a permanent improvement of the situation is impossible so long as those conditions continue which are progressively impoverishing Russia and that the Russian people can escape from their present deplorable situation only by restoring Russian production.

It is a long way yet to such a condition. The Bolshevist rulers will never be able to revise their system radically enough to insure the permanent revival of their country's prosperity. What has taken place now is merely the first step toward breaking the bonds which the rigid Bolshevist economic system has riveted on the Russian people. Possibly the pressure of the masses will compel further steps to be taken in the same direction, and thereby lighten the task of the successors of the Bolsheviki when they take up in earnest the work of again setting the country on its feet.

## II

Comrade Lenine in his address to the Tenth Congress of the Communist party of Russia, outlined a new program governing the relations of the Soviet government to the peasants. The compulsory requisitioning of grain is to cease, and be replaced by a system under which the peasants will deliver a certain proportion of their crops, reckoned according to the area they cultivate, in return for certificates entitling them to goods. They will then be permitted to dispose of the remainder of their crops in private trade.

This radical change in the Soviet government's method of dealing with the peasants has evoked criticism from many workers who do not belong to the Communist party, and also from some of the party members. Many workingmen have the impression that these new measures are an acknowledgement that the Communist system of production has proved a failure, and are therefore a step back toward capitalism.

We have shown in previous issues of this paper that manufacturing output in Soviet Russia is increasing, and that the food supply of factory workers is steadily improving, especially so far as bread is concerned. During the past year, it was possible to double the deliveries of grain. If the deliveries could again be doubled the coming season, the quantity available for city workers would be as large as in 1913.

If it is true that the system of compulsory requisitioning hitherto enforced increased deliveries, the question naturally arises, Why is the Soviet government willing to make such broed concessions to the peasants? This involves an apparent inconsistency calculated to make workingmen doubt the accuracy of Russian statistics, in spite of the fact that the Soviet government has always followed the policy of representing conditions at home as worse, rather than better, than they really are. Capitalists have an interest in making the people whom they exploit believe conditions are better than they really are. But a proletarian government has no motive for making things seem better than they are. Its success depends upon the cooperation of the proletariat itself, and if it fails to secure the utmost service and cooperation from the workers, its system will fail. A proletarian government is actuated by self-interest to overstate rather than understate its difficulties. Only thus

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can it show each individual workingman the heavy obligation which rests upon him personally. . . . . .

In fact, the contradiction between the improvement in the food supply and the recent concessions to the peasants, in order to improve still further that supply, is only in appearance. It disappears when we study Lenine's address. The proposal is to assess against the peasants a certain obligatory amount of grain, proportioned to the amount of land each controls. The peasants receive for the grain they thus deliver, orders for goods, instead of money. In addition, a part of each crop is left to the peasants to dispose of as they wish. The latter measure tends to widen the breach between the peasants and socialized industry, but the former—orders for goods issued in return for grain delivered—strengthens the ties between the peasants and socialized industry, and makes the peasants interested in an increase of production.

The new relations between the Soviet government and the peasants represent a change from compulsory cooperation with socialized production to voluntary cooperation with that system. The government does not give up its policy of compelling the farmers to furnish grain, but has merely modified its method. The government's task and motives were well described in Lenine's address to the eighth Soviet congress, December 1920: "We recognize that we are indebted to the peasants. We have taken away their grain for paper money. We have, thus, incurred an obligation to them. We must, therefore, pay them what we owe as soon as our factories are working at full speed. However, we cannot restore factory production unless we have the surplus which the peasants produce."

The measures now proposed and undertaken for attaining these objects, emphasize the efforts made to bridge over the gulf between town and city originally created by capitalist economy, and to unite industrial producers and agricultural producers in joint socialistic effort.

The government of Russia admits that the paper money, which it has paid the peasants for their crops, is an honest obligation for which it is responsible. . . . The first step toward reforming the condition of the peasants of Russia was to liberate them from capitalist exploitation. While it was possible to take over the factories at once, this was not practicable in the case of the farms. The peasant is not a socialist. He clings to his property. He can only be won over by showing him in practice that voluntary cooperation in socialist reconstruction will be a good thing for him. By liberating the peasants from the yoke of capitalism, Russia has enabled them to consume a larger share of what they raise. Their material condition has improved. The next step is to better food conditions for town workers, without depriving the peasants of what they need. The only way to do this is to induce the peasants to raise larger crops. This can be accomplished by making it a matter of personal interest for them to produce a surplus. When we have made it possible for the peasant to raise more produce, with less labor, by modern methods, he will soon see that he would be better off were he to give up his little holding, and his individualist method of farming, and adopt the progressive methods of communal farming. He will see the practical advantage of cooperation. The concrete benefits of the socialization of other industries will open his eyes

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to the concrete benefits of socializing agriculture.

So a long step has been taken forward by the decision to issue orders for manufactured goods in exchange for grain asessments. That policy was rendered possible only by the increased output of Russia's factories, which makes it feasible to give the peasants a share of these products, instead of a mere future promise to pay, such as paper money represented.

As yet, the Soviet government cannot give the peasants manufactures for more than a part of the food necessary to support the city workers. This does not indicate a failure of the Soviet system. The facts that the country is cut off from the markets of the world, that it has been fully occupied defending itself from foreign capitalist attacks, added to the general backwardness of Russian industry, scarcity of trained workers, and lack of raw materials, make it a miracle that the government has done as well as it has. The Russian proletariat is performing wonders. But it cannot do the impossible. It can only do all in its power. It cannot completely socialize Russia all alone, and never believed it could. It will never be able to pay the peasants from the products of Russian factories, under existing conditions, for all the food necessary to support the people of the towns. The moment that were possible, we would have complete socialization of Russian agriculture. The latter is something toward which the government is constantly striving. But since the Russian industrial proletariat alone cannot accomplish this, it must make temporary concessions to the capitalist ideas of the peasants, in order to secure their cooperation. It is quite likely that a larger part of the country's agricultural produce than heretofore, may fall into the hands of the bourgeoisie, which will continue its parasite existence as long as it has anything which it can trade for food. However, it will be for the peasants' interest to deliver more goods than hitherto. So if the bourgeoisie get somewhat more liberal rations than previously, this will not be taken from the rations of the proletariat.

## THE MODERN BRITISH UNIVERSITIES

From *The London Times, March* 23.

(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS.)

In the educational fervor which has followed the Armistice no institutions have been called upon to bear a heavier strain that the modern universities. With all their faculties—arts, science, medicine—filled to overflowing, with laboratories improvised from empty houses and army huts, they indeed present a scene of vitality and activity as varied as the needs of modern civilization itself.

With the exception of the wholly residential and so less elastic Durham Colleges, as distinct from the other constituent members of Durham University, Armstrong College and the College of Medicine at Newcastle, all the universities have the same tale to tell of an expansion which even the best-founded calculations of the effect of a five years' breach in academic activities could not have anticipated. Manchester now has, apart from its evening classes, 2,788 students, Liver-

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pool 2,615, Birmingham, 1,968, Leeds 2,025, with 228 evening students in addition, the Newcastle Colleges 1,365, and Bristol 1,226, while Sheffield, on which the heaviest demand is made for evening and part-time courses, has a combined total of over 3,000 students. To this increase of between 70 and 80 per cent. on the numbers of 1915 the presence of ex-service men, of whom 900 are at Manchester alone, makes, it is true, the more immediate contribution; these numbers themselves are some 20 per cent. less than those of 1919 and there is likely to be a further drop in the next session. But the universities are feeling the effect of more permanent influences than those; a fuller appreciation by industry of university ideals, a quickened belief in education as the basis of all national progress, and, more concrete than these, the growing strength of the municipal secondary schools, have combined to lay on the new universities a responsibility which, as these forces themselves develop, must become greater instead of less. They are convinced that in five or ten years' time they must expect a permanent increase of hardly less than 60 per cent. of their old numbers, and on this basis they are endeavouring to take stock of their resources and to lay, while there is time, the foundations necessary to support this wider need.

Unhappily, the increase in their staffs has borne no relation to that in the number of their students. Dislocation in the supply of men trained for university lectureships, growing competition among industrial firms for such men as are available, and, the most potent reason of all, the financial limitations of the universities themselves have made any commensurate addition impossible. Laboratories are not elastic, and with the inadequacy of existing buildings the duplication of lectures is far from uncommon. So far the staffs have sacrificed themselves to these changed conditions with a devotion which has had to be its own reward; but research has been seriously hampered, and the loss of time for research and independent work has been the loss of what in the past was the only inducement to take posts notoriously underpaid. Before the war a university junior lecturer received on first appointment a salary of 150 pounds, with the goal of a possible professorship at 600 pounds a year; even now lecturers usually begin at only 300 pounds, and the professorial chairs which exceed 800 pounds are in the minority. It is indeed suprising that so much research has been able to thrive; it has done so mainly in vacations and at week-ends, and the intense and disinterested keenness in research can only be measured by the difficulties which attend it. On this point professsors express themselves very strongly: temptations to enter industry, for science men at least, have become more and more seductive; industry offers better salaries and often better facilities for independent work, and already the universities have lost to industry some of their most progressive teachers.

On no side of academic life has the war had a more beneficent influence than on the social activities of the undergraduates. Literary, art, music, debating societies are alive as they never were before; and, what is still more welcome, they are ceasing to be circumscribed by departments, and, like their traditions, are widening out into possessions for the whole university. The keenness which ex-service students have shown in their work—only 4 per cent. have been given unfavourable reports and have lost their

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training grants—has been still more marked outside the laboratories; from men and women alike there has come a demand for a fuller and more organized corporate life than ever existed before the war, and through their body politic, the Guild of Undergraduates, they are doing their best to establish it. In this they are warmly backed by their principals, to whose hearts the development of this side of university life is perhaps the dearest of all projects. By great personal enthusiasm they have already done much, but opportunities for a full corporate life, except in the residential Durham colleges, are, judged by Oxford and Cambridge standards, lamentably deficient. Manchester and Liverpool alone have buildings designed for 'Union'; Bristol hopes soon to take over as its refectory and 'Union' one of the latest of its gifts, the Victoria Rooms; the rest have to content themselves, apart from their halls for meetings and their refectories for meals, with such provision as they can find in the university buildings themselves or by adapting private houses. Games again are a difficulty; in most cases the playing fields are from three to four miles from the university buildings, and distance alone, apart from the heaviness of laboratory work, is a powerful enough deterrent to people many of whom come from schools where games are hardly regarded as an integral part of educational training.

The full satisfaction of this social and physical need can indeed only come with the development of residential accommodation. Private munificence has already allowed all the universities to possess at least one hostel; Manchester heads the list with eight, of which Hulme Hall and Ashburne Hall, built in a pleasing Tudor-Gothic style, and providing single study-bedrooms for 134 men and 65 women, are the best examples; Birmingham has one excellent hostel for women adjoining the Edgbaston buildings; the other universities have adapted dwelling-houses on very happy sites, such as that of Bristol's halls overlooking the Avon Gorge, and in this way are endeavoring to build up a university quarter. In the Weetwood estate of 170 acres, lying three miles north-west from the centre of the city on a tableland which falls away in the green and grey slopes of a typical Yorkshire landscape, Leeds has a site perhaps unequalled by any university old or new. It already has its playing-fields and one hostel for women there, and looks forward to the day when all its departments, except the engineering and medical schools, will be transferred there and, housed under the one roof, be the true residential university of the West Riding. The hostel ideal appeals very strongly to the under-graduates themselves; they feel their want, and though they are proud of the social life which they have already helped to create, and not least of the good relations between men and women, they frankly envy Oxford and Cambridge the possession of those means to fuller human expression which the intimate associations of collegiate life alone can give. There is no need on which the University Grants Committee in their recently published report dwell with more evident feeling than this:

> Provision for common life and intercourse is a condition of the highest value in a university education. Not only is the intellectual training of students apt to be stunted if they remain as isolated units after leaving the class-room; beyond that the training of the students for citizenship is bound to suffer until these defects in university equipment are made good. We hope that benefactors may be

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forthcoming to whom these objects would make a special appeal, and we consider that we might properly take into account such benefactions in estimating local support.

This ideal is one whose absolute fulfilment it is, in present conditions, hard to foresee. Many of the universities, with a faith and a foresight which it is impossible not to admire, had before the war secured new sites and prepared their plans to build new hostels, or new wings to those which already existed. They are all ready for expansion; whether and when they will be able to carry out their designs finance alone must decide.

The great strength of the New Universities in the past has lain in the success with which they have adapted themselves to the intellectual and industrial requirements of their districts. Beginning as the centres of higher education for their cities, they have gradually broadened their spheres so as to divide between them the counties which geographically form their provinces. As their residential accommodation increases the area on which they can draw will still further expand, and for specialized subjects they are already attracting students from all parts of the world. But their main duties will remain to their areas, and it is as regional universities that they can best fill their fitting place in the education of the nation as a whole. As in the past, the pace will be set them by Oxford and Cambridge, who, with their centuries of tradition and their absence of local obligations, must remain the national Universities and the final tribunal of appeal. Already the New Universities are sending to them the best of their students, especially in the arts faculty, for post-graduate courses, and with a more ample provision in research studentships Oxford and Cambridge will tend to become more and more the national centres of post-graduate study. The New Universities in their turn are setting the pace for the schools of their areas, and not only by the supply of elementary and secondary teachers whom they are passing through their various faculties, but also, as at Sheffield and Manchester, by direct cooperation with a representative headmasters' committee, they are speeding up the slower units of the educational fleet. In the still wider sphere of city life, they have become in the truest sense the centres of the social and intellectual activities of their districts: they are the acknowledged headquarters of their counties' learned societies, most of which they themselves have directly or indirectly called into existence, while from a more general audience their weekly lectures on the widest range of subjects, from music to astrophysics, are always assured of the warmest appreciation. The New Universities are the best answer yet made to Newman's tenet that a university cannot intellectualize its neighborhood.

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# IN A TURKISH VILLAGE

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From *The Manchester Guardian*, *April* 1

(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

WE started from the *konak* at Aidin after lunch—myself, the sergeant, nine soldiers, and two horses. That morning I had climbed the acropolis of Tralleis—a steep, isolated hill on the plateau behind Aidin, where the ancient city stood—in order to get some notion of the road we should follow, but it had shown me little. The ravines, ploughed deep into the flanks of the hills by the abundant streams, wound away out of sight, and the nearest spurs hid the summits of the mountains. Southwards, in the opposite direction, the marvellous plain of the Maeander was in view, with the winding river, the bridge where the Greek and Italian outposts face each other, and beyond that the mountains of China and Mughla. However, that was not my direction. The village beyond the bridge, on the Italian side of the river, is the headquarters of a young man called Turuh Ali, and the Italian Government does not guarantee your nose and ears if you trespass there.

Very strange reports come from across the river. That very morning, before starting, I talked with a Turkish peasant who had come across himself the night before, swimming the river to avoid the Italians at the bridge. He told me that if a Turkish peasant had not papers from Mustafa Kemal exempting him from military service, the Italian authorities conscripted him and sent him to Angora! Now that he was on the right bank of the river he meant to stay. He had some fields this side. Some other dark night he would bring his family across to join him. A resident at Aidin (not a Greek) told me that, some months ago, he had heard the Italian Commandant at Sokia make a public speech in French. 'We Italians,' he said, 'are not here to look after the Christians, we are here to look after the Moslems.' It is deplorable that an occupying Power should take sides for one local nationality against another, but it becomes unpardonable when the favoured party is the top-dog, and the Turk is now top-dog south of the Maeander, thanks to the Italians, who keep out the Greeks. But all this is a digression. I make it because everything that I hear about Italian policy in Anatolia is bad, and the conditions in the Italian zone ought unquestionably to be examined by the Conference. But to return to my journey northwards that afternoon.

We followed the track up the stream that comes down from the mountains between the Turkish and Greek quarters of Aidin. For the first hour we passed ruined and abandoned water-mills, then a ruined Turkish village on the further side of the ravine. Then we began to climb a zig-zag path through ever thicker brushwood, and emerged after two hours on a spur of the mountains cleared of trees and occupied by the Turkish village where we were to pass the night

Dagh Emir is a good village, as



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Turkish villages go. There is a Greek gendarmerie post there, and the headmen of the neighbouring villages came to call on us in the section commander's house. Afterwards we adjourned to the house of the headman of Dagh Emir, where the other men of the village were assembled. The section commander and the headman were on good terms. I could see that there was a familiarity between them which could not have been assumed for my edification. But how times have changed! The headman had done his first term of military service (50 months) in Crete when it was an Ottoman province. The section commander was a Cretan, and his father (he himself was young) must have been one of the *rayahs* whom the headman had to hold down. Now the Cretan was master and the Turk the subject race, and if one race has to rule the other (which is a bad arrangement either way round), it seemed more natural that it should be so. The Cretan was a smart soldier—well shaven and clothed, intelligent and educated. The Turk was a primitive being. I do not know into what distant exile his subsequent terms of service may have carried him. Perhaps to the Adriatic or the Red Sea. But you would never have guessed that he had been out of his native village, and those who had been fortunate enough to avoid military service had, in fact, never travelled more than a day's journey beyond their homes.

Next day we took a guide from Dagh Emir, and when we halted to eat I offered him a sardine. He told me then that it was the first fish he had eaten in his life (he was getting on for 60), yet from Dagh Emir you look right down the plain to the Maeander mouth and see the glint of the sea. I asked him how far he had been. To Aidin and Tireh (the two market towns on either side of the mountains), and once in his life to Smyrna (a short day's journey from either town by train). This is the life of the Turkish peasant in the mountains, even in so comparatively civilised a district of Anatolia as the Smyrna zone.

In the headman's house every man put his tobacco in the middle for common use (a gracious custom), and chestnuts and water were handed aound. What should we talk about? In a Greek village we should have talked politics, especially when a conference had been convened for our special benefit in London. But my sergeant—the scoutmaster of Aidin and interpreter for Turkish and English in the Colonel's office—knew better. He began to tell a story from the Koran: 'Once upon a time. . .' 'Yes? 'murmured the Turks with child-like expectancy, and listened open-mouthed. Seeing that the tale had a moral, I thought of Tolstoy's short stories, and as my Turkish does not run to narrative, I got the sergeant to translate. I began with the two pilgrims to Jerusalem. They were easily transformed into Haggis going to the Haramein. 'The English gentleman says that once upon a time there were two Haggis. . .' The mouths opened wider still. They had not expected to learn about Haggis from a Frank, and the story went down well. I followed on with the peasant who bought land from the Bashkirs, and the company laughed when the sun went down and he fell dead half-way up the hill. But the sergeant knew best after all. 'Once upon a time,' he began again, 'a man was sitting under an oak tree and looking at a melon patch.

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He said: "God was mistaken in making the small fruit grow on the big tree and the big fruit on the small." Just then an acorn fell and hit him on the nose. "Thank God it was not a melon," he said. "God knows best after all"' This was the success of the evening, and I realised that if you talk to Turkish peasants you must be simple indeed.

The party broke up in good humour, and the sergeant and I stayed to sleep on the headman's floor. But the sergeant was taking no risks, and a sentry with fixed bayonet stood on guard all night at the headman's door. Greek officers, he told me, had been received in Turkish villages as kindly as we had been received that evening and had then been murdered in their sleep.

Next morning we started early, for we had many hours—we could never discover quite how many—to go. At first it was six, it had risen to eight by midday, and it was ten before we actually arrived at Tireh. Towards the end of our journey we discovered that our old guide from Dagh Emir did not really know the road. He had determined to come with us for protection on the way, and had assumed a knowledge of the road in order to secure our company. The road wound downwards and upwards for hours through a tangle of valleys and hills—a narrow mule-track with thickets all round and the soil rooted up everywhere by the wild boars. There are innumerable boars in this country just now. To Moslems they are unclean, and before the Greek occupation the Christians could not hunt them because they were disarmed. It is a magnificent country—not unlike Greece, but ampler and more generously endowed. The mountains are made of softer stuff which disintegrates more readily than the Greek limestone, and the soil is clothed with trees and permeated with water. In every ravine water was flowing, though this has been an exceptionally dry year. Instead of goats (the scourge of Greece) there were cattle, small but fat and good yielders of milk. The tents of the Yuruks (Turkish nomads) were pitched here and there, and a little Yuruk girl with glossy brown hair made us a gift of salt when we stopped by the Sari Su stream for our midday meal. All over the mountains there were wild fig trees and olives, to within less than an hour's distance from the summit of the pass (though the altitude of the summit is nearly 3,600 feet above sea-level), and the higher we climbed the more villages we saw and the more cultivation. The whole of this hill-country is fertile. Security, not soil or water, is wanting to make it productive.

Late in the afternoon our path led us through a village, and the men came out, hand on heart, to bid us welcome. Only one man, fat and swarthy, remained sitting on his sheep-skin. We sat down beside him. 'I am feeling very ill,' he muttered. 'Where?' 'All over, head, arms, and legs, and I have had no appetite for six months.' It was a strange medical history for so stout and well-looking a man, and my sergeant remarked to me in English that he was a bad fellow. We continued our journey, and sure enough after half an hour our guide's tongue was loosed. 'That was a bad man,' he said, 'a *chetti* (brigand). Once at Dagh Emir, when we were all in the mosque, he came and took everything from our houses.' 'Why haven't you killed him?' I asked. 'He has still years to live,' was the answer

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I took it to mean that he has associates who would avenge his death. Our sergeant offered to arrest the fat man, if our guide would give evidence against him. But no, he preferred to let well alone.

And so we marched along, always climbing higher and never seeing the summit, though now the sun was sinking fast. But at last the trees came to an end. We passed the springs from which the streams started, and suddenly we were on the edge of a precipice, looking straight down upon a plain as low and level as the plain of the Maeander from which we had been mounting steadily for a day and a half. It was the famous plain of the Cayster. Before us Tireh, our destination, was spread out like a city in an aeroplane photograph. Beyond, the sunset was tingeing the snow on the mountains of Salihli and Alashehir, which I had seen a week before from the farther side. It was a wonderful moment; and God was kind. We were lighted by the moon down the rocky zig-zag track into the town—an hour and a half's journey more, and the weather did not break till we were safely in bed. Next morning, when I looked out of my window at Tireh it was pouring with rain. The clouds were clinging to the sides of the mountains, and above them I could see the snow lying on the heights which we had crossed the evening before.

## THE LORDLY BEAMSHIFTER

BY LOUIS GOLDING

From *The English Review, April*

(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

LORDLY BEAMSHIFTER was going down. He had been indisputably the most brilliant man of his epoch at Oxford. He had argued with Deans of Theology, and at will had converted them to Atheism or Manicheeism. He had argued with first-term undergraduates on Aubrey Beardsley, and forced them into a hero worship of Marcus Stone. And Beamshifter was going down.

He lay upon his ottoman curling vorticist rings of smoke. 'What shall I be?' Beamshifter murmured lazily. 'What power or principality is suited to my talents?' His eye-lashes flickered speculatively. 'No!' he determined, 'I shall not be a politician! Mr. Gladstone was a politician!' A millionaire? His mind hovered..... But how little effort that would require! Moreover, he insisted on a certain patrician decorum in the disposition of destinies. How could he consent to be a millionaire when he had not laid the orthodox foundation by selling newspapers at the age of seven and studying radio-activity with the proceeds. He would not be a millionaire.

A thought came to him. The thin lips tightened. He composed the Roger Fry cushions below his head. He placed the thought before him like a crystal of bright glass suspended in air. Slowly it rotated upon axis after axis until each of its facets had been presented. He arrested at length the crystal from its rotations. The room was stark with cold light.

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'I shall be a poet!' said Lordly Beamshifter. Said Lordly Beamshifter, 'I shall be a great poet!' Mr. Beamshifter had hitherto achieved poetry, you ask? Not a couplet! Hence the very pride and austerity of this determination. 'I shall be,' said Beamshifter quietly, 'the greatest poet of this age!' Here were no vulgar acclamations such as surged uncleanly round a statesman's feet, here no facile splendor of the millionaire. The very flesh of the greatest poet of his age would be a mystery, a shrine. His word would be potent and aloof as a less democratic sunlight, a wind which should not fan the mere foreheads of the herd. 'How then,' asked Beamshifter, 'shall I be the greatest poet of the age?' He pondered. 'I must remove,' he determined, 'all possible claimants from poetry's arena!' A removal by physical annihilation would be arduous and unsatisfactory. Speculative smoke-rings thinned towards the inane.

He leapt from his ottoman. 'They shall be parodied!' he declared, 'they shall be parodied, and they shall die!'

Lordly Beamshifter took a bed-sitting-room in Bloomsbury. For three months the world knew him not. In four months the world knew him well. His book of Parodies burst into the skies of Poetry like a calamitous star. Billings, who had made a large reputation out of the greenness of grass, was aped so diabolically that he bought a lawn-mower and worked by the hour in Surbiton. Barstairs, who had written narrative poems, was narrated into obloquy. The exquisite Shuffleswain, whose poetry had been the whisper of green dusk and the glint of early stars, was compelled to seek co-optation on the Streatham Board of Scavengers. Young Jim Sickles was frosted in the time of his budding, and retired to read Maria Theresa in the British Museum. Beamshifter lifted his inviolable forehead over the subdued amphitheatre of poetry. His antagonists were flown or dead.

'I must now,' said Beamshifter, with no faint flush of triumph coarsening the marble of his cheeks, 'write Poetry!'

Beamshifter repaired once more to his bed-sitting-room. 'Flowers?' he asked. 'Breasts? Nenuphars? Parokeets? No, *c'est trop vieux jeu*!' He threw an intent eye round his bed-sitting-room. It came to rest upon his sofa. 'A great poet must not cut himself wholly adrift from all tradition! Only Cowper shall have been my forerunner!'

After a month's labour *The Armchair* was given to the world. 'What shall we say about it?' whispered the pale critics to each other over Bass and cheese sandwiches. 'It is unequal but autochthonous,' one suggested hazily. 'It is sustained but alien,' dimly suggested another. 'This will never do!' said a third. 'He will write a *Parody on Critics*!' There was a startled and stifled shriek. 'Yes, he will parodise *us*!' The critics wrung their hands in apprehension. 'What shall we do?' they moaned.

'We are agreed, then,' a voice said evenly, 'that *The Armchair* is at once autochthonous and sustained!' 'Autochthonous and sustained!' echoed the critics. 'Sustained and autochthonous!' echoed the walls in phantasmal antiphony.

*The Armchair* sold five editions in four weeks. The devotees of Beamshifter in Golder's Green determined that henceforth it was irreverent to sit on Armchairs. A new antimacassar cult invaded Kensington, with

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special reference to Armchairs. An exhibition of Armchairs was held in Burlington House. Professor Yumpeltick of Yale wrote a monograph in three volumes illustrative of the genesis and nature of Armchairs.

'My poem,' murmured Beamshifter, 'is being damned with faint prose. I admit I am autochthonous, but my universality is being disregarded. My flight, demonstrably, is sustained, but they have not computed the height of my ascent. Moreover . . . . . 'he turned down the jets of his gas-stove, 'I am not merely the greatest poet of my time. I am the greatest critic!' His head turned frigidly on the vertebrae of his neck. 'Am I not?' he inquired icily. The gas-stove purred timid assent.

It would be unseemly, he admitted, for the only adequate appreciation of Beamshifter to appear over his own initials in *The Loud Noise*, the journal whose editorial chair he had lately deigned to occupy. The appreciation of *The Armchair* by K. K. Kurtis in the pages of *The Loud Noise* was the fine flower of criticism during that decade.

*The Hearthrug* followed *The Armchair*, and *The Kettle-Holder* consummated his primacy of poetry. The only critic in Fleet Street who could soar to the peaks of their argument was K. K. Kurtis. The balanced enthusiasm of Kurtis was tempered by a spirit of precise criticism. In lines 945-6 of *The Toothbrush*, he pointed out the rhyming of 'jaws' with 'wars.' He reproved the eccentricities of the poet's punctuation. He suggested that the inspiration had been cramped by undue brevity.

The summit of Beamshifter's genius was at last attained with *The Kitchen-sink*, a poem in twelve cantos. The *Anthology of Contemporary Poetry* for the lustrum signalised by *The Kitchen-sink* found that it was wholly unseemly to enclose the work of any other writer soever within the same covers as *The Kitchen-sink*. It was produced, accordingly, with fifty blank pages before and fifty blank pages after the Masterpiece Itself.

When Lordly Beamshifter died at length, K. K. Kurtis, it was rumoured, found the world of letters a desert so Saharan that he turned broken-hearted from the practice of criticism. Some declare he bought up a large boarding-house on the Swanage front, others that he committed suicide. It is certain that K. K. Kurtis did not long survive the great poet whose virtues he had so masterfully analysed.

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# THE FIRST ENGLISH BIBLE

BY H. B. WORKMAN

From *The London Quarterly Review, April*
(CONSERVATIVE AND NATIONALIST QUARTERLY)

THE publication by Miss Deanesly of this learned volume [1] brings to a close as we believe, a controversy carried on for the last thirty years. For this controversy we may be thankful; it has served to sweep away a mass of traditional error as regards Wyclif's translation of the Bible, and in the place to build up a truer doctrine. The spades of many painstaking workers have made it possible for Miss Deanesly to reach finality in many matters hitherto in suspense. In the following pages we propose to give our readers a brief account of the stages through which the controversy over Wyclif's Bible has passed, and of the conclusion that we believe will not be generally accepted, though we must premise that strict proof of many of the contentions is impossible.

Seventy years ago scholarship and tradition alike assigned to Wyclif the publication of the first English translation of the Bible, at a period in his life variously dated as between 1378 and his death (December 31, 1384). Elaborate pictures were drawn of Wyclif at work at Lutterworth, half paralysed, yet never resting until he had completed his gigantic task. The absence of printed copies [2] made conjecture and romance easy, the more so as there was as yet no scientific study of Middle English in its various dialectic forms, and no Early English Text Society to make this possible. But in 1850 the publication in four magnificent volumes by J. Forshall and J. Madden of Wyclif's Bible in its entirety gave no further excuse for substituting tradition for knowledge. This monumental work conclusively showed that the so-called Wyclif Bible existed in two forms; the one form an earlier version, a literal construe scarcely English in its structure; the other or later form alone deserving the name of a translation. The earlier version was seen to be composite in origin. The Old Testament, up to Baruch iii. 20, claimed to be the work of a prominent Oxford lollard, an associate of Wyclif, Nicholas Hereford. There Hereford's share ended, as is shown by a manuscript now in the Bodleian of which a facsimile was published by the editors. The cause of the abrupt termination was the citation of Hereford before the council of bishops at the Blackfriars, May, 1382, and his subsequent flight to Rome in a vain appeal to the Pope. In addition to Hereford, whose style was stiff and pedantic, and whose dialect was west midland, there is evidence in the Bodleian manuscript of four other contributors. What part of the whole, if any, was by Wyclif was not determined. A manuscript in the British Museum assigns to him the translation of Clement of Llanthony's *Harmony of*

[1] *The Lollard Bible and other Medieval Biblical Versions.* By Margaret Deanesly. Cambridge University Press, 31*s* 6*d*. net.

[2] There were partial editions. Purvey's New Testament was printed by J. Lewis in 1731, by H. Baber in 1810; and by S. Baxter in 1841 in his *Hexapla*, in each case assigned to Wyclif, while Adam Clarke had printed the *Song of Solomon* in his Commentary (1808). The older Wyclif version of the New Testament was first published in 1848 by Lea Wilson.



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*the Gospels*, [1] which was appended to the version. The editors of 1850 believed that he had translated the Gospels, on evidence which later research has shown to be unsatisfactory. [2] It was generally accepted also that Wyclif had translated the Apocalypse, a copy of which, belonging to the martyrologist, John Foxe, is now in the library of Trinity, Cambridge. This work was written in a northern or north midland dialect. This dialect, it was assumed, Wyclif, the Yorkshireman, would use. But this book is now shown to be a verbal rendering of a twelfth-century Apocalypse in Norman-French, of which three forms or versions still exist, the earliest dating from 1340—1370.

The second version was deemed by the editors of 1850 to be in the main the work of the prominent Oxford lollard, John Purvey. Purvey, who had probably taken part in the first translation, now smoothed out its harsh literalness, added prologues and epilogues to the various books and a General Prologue to the Old Testament, and produced a translation in worthy English. Of this translation 140 manuscripts still exist, as distinct from the 30 manuscripts of the earlier version. By the accident of history the credit for this translation in the popular judgement has been almost wholly assigned to Wyclif. Even by Forshall and Madden it was assumed that the work of revision of the first version was begun, if not finished, in Wyclif's lifetime, under his inspiration and direction. Purvey, it is true, became known to scholars, and attention was directed to his other writings, especially after the publication in 1851 by J. Forshall of Purvey's *Ecclesiae Regimen*, or, as the editor preferred to call it, *The Remonstrance*. That Purvey had held an eminent position among the lollards was evidenced by Thomas Netter, of Saffron Walden, the great opponent of lollardy, who had called him 'the library of lollards,' 'the glosser of Wyclif.' As a contemporary chronicler who lived not far from Lutterworth tells us, Purvey had 'drunk deep' of Wyclif's 'most secret teaching,' and had been his 'inseparable companion' to the end, living with him at Lutterworth as his secretary. Scholars also recalled Purvey's sad relapse. After being 'grievously tormented and punished' in the archbishop's 'foul unhonest' prison at Saltwood, Purvey had been brought before Convocation at St. Paul's on Monday, February 28, 1401. Frightened by the burning of Sawtre on Wednesday, March 2, 1401, on Sunday, March 6 Purvey had read in English a recantation at sermon time at St. Paul's Cross, a copy of which in Latin has come down to us. He had been rewarded by Archbishop Arundel with the presentation on the following August 11 to the living of West Hythe, a mile from the archbishop's prison of Saltwood. 'There,' [1] said Arundel to the lollard Thorpe,' 'I heard more complaints about his covetousness for tithes and other misdoings than I did of all men that were advanced within my diocese.' 'Sir,' replied Thorpe, 'Purvey is neither with you now for the benefice ye gave him, nor holdeth he faithfully with the learning that he taught and writ beforetime; and thus he showeth himself to be (neither) hot nor cold.' Arundel's answer was to utter threats against Purvey as a 'false harlot.' Purvey already had wisely removed

1For Clement, prior of Llanthony, near Gloucester (†1190), see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, 1st Supplement.

2See E. D. Jones, *The Authenticity of Some English Works ascribed to Wyclif* in *Anglia*, xxx. 261 f.

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himself from residence near Saltwood. Four years before Arundel's threats he had resigned his living (October 8, 1403). Until recently his later career was scarcely known. It was surmised that he resumed his lollardy, and there was some evidence for his imprisonment by Archbishop Chichele. Miss Deanesly's researches enable us to fill up some of the gaps in Purvey's life by establishing his authorship of two tracts, both of which she has printed. From these we see that for some years after 1403 he engaged in controversy in defence of vernacular bibles. That Purvey ended his life either in hiding or in some bishop's gaol appears certain. But the date of his death is unknown. A doubtful monogram, written in a small but clear hand, in a lollard manuscript of 1427, 'J. Perney,' and also a Latin distich in the same manuscript

Christus homofactus
J. P. prosperet actus

would appear to show that he was alive in 1427. Netter, also writing in 1427, tells us: 'I have in my hands now a book taken from John Purvey in prison.' 2

The mention of Purvey has led us into a digression. Our apology must be the reverence we feel for this first real translator of the English Bible. For this translation was almost wholly his work, nor is there any reason to believe that any part of it was finished in Wyclif's lifetime. Though the gospels were finished about 1387, and a copy of the same presented to Richard's queen, Anne of Bohemia, the whole work was not completed until 1395—6. But to return. For forty years the conclusions set out by Forshall and Madden were generally accepted. In 1893, however, Abbot Gasquet—for he had not at that time been elevated to the purple—astonished the world of scholars by claiming that Wyclif's Bible was not a lollard work at all, but was a sort of authorised version of the Scriptures sanctioned by the medieval Church, the reading of which, if not exactly encouraged, was certainly not prohibited. He further maintained that Wyclif's alleged translation was by no means the earliest translation of the Bible into English, but was one only of several translations made before and in his times, of some of which the Church had approved.

Gasquet's conclusions—so damaging to the reputation of Wyclif, so subversive of Protestant tradition—were based upon two lines of evidence. He took for granted that any Bible translated by Wyclif or his followers must necessarily savour of his errors. He examined the two Wyclif versions, and, apart from Purvey's *General Prologue* in the second version, could find no heresy in them. He therefore decided that they must have been the work of orthodox writers, whose names history had not recorded. The wide distribution of these bibles, their numerous manuscripts, the fact that several were possessed by ecclesiastics, led him to infer that they were 'authorized versions,' and, as a necessary conclusion, to overthrow, as he thought, the whole traditional Protestant view as to the attitude of the medieval Church to vernacular Scriptures.

In addition to this à priori reasoning Gasquet adduced positive evidence. He reminded us of a statement of

1Thorpe's dairy of his imprisonment in 1407 is one of the most interesting human documents we possess. It can be read in Foxe or in other modern reprints.

2In the third chapter of this work, Purvey claimed that women should be allowed to preach.

1Articles republished in 1897 in Gasquet's *An Old English Bible.*

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Sir Thomas More. In his famous *Dialogue*, published as part of his controversy with Tindale, More discusses the question whether or not the Bible may be read in English. He maintains that 'the Holy Bible was long before his' ('the great arch-heretic Wyclif's') 'day by virtuous and well learned men translated into the English tongue.' 'Wyclif,' he adds,

> purposely corrupted the holy text, maliciously placing therein such words as might in the reader's ear serve for the proof of such heresies as he went about for to sow, which he not only set forth with his own translation of the Bible, but also with certain prologues and glosses which he had made thereon.

In the following chapter More once more repeated this statement. He is dealing with the charge brought forward by Tindale, that the Romanists have burned the English Bible. He replies:

> If this were so, then were it in my mind not well done. But I believe ye mistake it. How be it, what ye have seen I cannot say. But myself have seen and could show you Bibles fair and old written in English which have been known and seen by the bishop of the diocese, and left in laymen's hands (women's, too, such as be known for good and catholic folk), who used it with devotion and soberness. But, of truth, all such as are found in the hands of heretics they use to take away. But they do cause none to be burned, so far as ever I could wit, but only such as be found faulty. Whereof many be set forth with evil prologues or glosses maliciously made by Wyclif and other heretics. For no good man, I ween, would be so mad as to burn up the Bible wherein they found no fault, nor any law that letted (hindered) it be looked on and read.

More further maintained, on the doubtful evidence of an ambiguous reading in the seventh constitution of Oxford, (1408)—the council that suppressed Wyclif's Bible—that 'to have the Bible in English was no hurt.'

More did not stand alone. Foxe also tells us that 'before John Wyclif was born, the whole body of the Scriptures was by sundry men translated into our mother tongue.' Ussher repeated the same statement with more circumstance in his *Preface to the Authorized Version* of 1611:

> And about that time, even in our own King Richard the Second's day, John Trevisa translated them into English, and many English Bibles in written hand are yet to be seen with diverse; translated, as is very probable, in that age.

Ussher derived his information about Trevisa—a famous 'turner' or translator of the age, and a fellow lodger with Wyclif at Queen's College after the Reformer's expulsion from Canterbury Hall—from Caxton. But all search for Trevisa's translation has proved vain, while more accurate knowledge of his life leads us to conclude that he was unlikely to have attempted it.

Gasquet's eminence as a scholar, and the apparent strength of the evidence that he brought forward from More, secured wide acceptance of his positions, in spite of the arguments of the late learned Wyclif scholar, F. Matthews, and of a searching article in the *Church Quarterly Review*, January, 1901. Gasquet's contentions were considerably strengthened by the researches of the next ten years. Libraries were searched and catalogued by Dr. M. R. James and others, and their buried treasures brought to light. These included several vernacular translations. Though none of these were of the whole Bible, they showed that More and Gasquet had not argued without some justification. The attention of scholars was first directed to the English translation of the Psalter, together with extracts from Job and Jeremiah made by the Yorkshire hermit, Richard Rolle, of Hampole,

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near Doncaster,[2] in the years when Wyclif was still a lad at home. Rolle's *Psalter* exists in various forms. The earliest would appear to be a metrical version in Northern or West Midland English made between 1300 and 1350. But this cannot with any certainty be ascribed to Rolle himself. This metrical anonymous version, however, was extensively copied—at least 23 MSS. are still extant—and passed under Rolle's name. More certain is the Latin version followed by an English translation, if such a mere literal construe can be called. In later days the lollards took to issuing Rolle's *Psalter* with glosses of their own inserted, but whether this was done in Wyclif's lifet me is uncertain.

In 1902 Miss A. C. Paues printed what she called, somewhat loosely, *A Fourteenth-Century Biblical Version*, which she dated as anterior to Wyclif. Those whose knowledge of the work was confined to little more than the title considered that here, at any rate so far as the New Testament was concerned, was More's last version. In reality the version is not one, but a collection in the same cover of two separate works. The one, a translation of the Pauline and catholic epistles in which the Latin is rendered with clearness and idiomatic ease was the work, it would seem, of a man of Kent or the south-eastern counties. This part was the original, to which was afterwards added a southern transcript of a version made in the north-east midland of the catholic epistles, the Acts and the first six chapters of St. Matthew. Of these Matthew, Acts ii. and iii., John and Jude seem to be borrowed from a still earlier version. The northern version is the work of a poor Latin scholar,[3] but in clearness of expression and idiomatic use of English both versions, in the judgment of the scholars who have studied them, are superior to Wyclif's, while the southern version is on an equality even with Purvey's. It is interesting to note that both the northern and southern versions made less use of French loan words than either Wyclif or Purvey.

This version, both in its northern and southern forms, according to Miss Paues was perfectly orthodox and intended for a nunnery. But the rejection of a monastic origin is strengthened by the signs that the writer, though not an extreme lollard, was in sympathy with the movement, as is shown by his giving a translation for the 'lewd' of the 'bare text' without the Latin side by side, and without glosses. The reference to the obtaining forgiveness by confession to God only also smells of lollardy. Possibly the writer of the southern version, as Miss Deanesly suggests, was one of the five who wrote Nicholas Hereford's original manuscript now in the Bodleian, one of whom appears to hail from Kent. But this is conjecture, and we are equally uncertain as to the year If a lollard, the date would probably be earlier than the completion of Purvey's version. The reference to the danger of 'death' for making such a version would point to a time when persecution had begun, possibly after the passing of Wyclif. But this last must not be

[2] For Rolle and his works, see *Camb. Hist. of English Literature*, ii. 43-8; C. Horstmann, *Yorkshire Writers—Richard Rolle of Hampole*, 2 vols., 1895-6, and J. E. Wells, *A Manual of the Writings in Middle English* (Yale, Univ. Press. 1916, 11c., with new appendix, 1920). This invaluable work, owing to the war and the difficulties of importing it, is not yet so well known in England as it should be. Rolle's *Job* still exists only in MSS. in the British Museum. Rolle's *Psalter* was edited by H. R. Bransley (Oxford, 1884).

[3] Some of my readers may be interested in the following 'howler,' among many. The author translates 'Philippos, quae est prima partis Macedoniae civitas colonia' (see Vulgate, Acts xvi. 12) 'the city of Cologne.'

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pressed too far, for references to death and danger do not always imply any legal warrant. All that is certain is that the northern and southern versions were united in one manuscript about 1400.

In addition to the New Testament published by Miss Paues there existed also an English version of the Synoptic Gospels, with the Latin text and a gloss mainly translated from Peter Lombard. The writer tells us that he 'was stirred up to begin of (by) one that I suppose verily was God's servant,' for 'the gospel is rule by which each Christian man ought to live,' phrases which strongly point to the influence of Wyclif and his teaching. There are reasons for believing that it was by the author of a lollard work called *The Pore Caitif*.[1] There has also survived in a single manuscript a 'very literal and stiff translation' of the *Pauline Epistles*,[2] practically a construe from Latin into 'rough and pedestrian' English. This version, which shows an anti-Wycliffite tendency, was made about the close of the fourteenth century, not for the public but for the author's own use in giving instruction, possibly, as Miss Deanesly suggests, in the Lincoln cathedral school. All these versions were written in a northern or north midland dialect; in fact the 'earliest home of the English Bible was the North of England.' Lest our Yorkshire readers boast overmuch we add that the fact may be accounted for by the greater ignorance of French and Latin in the North than in the more cultured South. From the North also came, probably from near Durham, the various rhymed gospels, MSS. of which were once very numerous, now generally known as *The Northern Homily Collection*.[3] Whether Wyclif, who was born not far from Durham, would be acquainted with any of these in his earlier days we cannot say.

From this hurried survey of the various translations of the age we can see at once how strangely the tide was flowing in Wyclif's day towards a vernacular Bible. Wyclif's translation—for we may still continue with advantage to give his name to the vernacular editions, of which, as Archbishop Arundel told us, he was 'the instigator'—it is clear, formed part of a movement manifesting itself in many separate efforts. But our survey also shows us that none of these translations were other than partial, and that the supposed pre-Wyclif Bible of More and Gasquet does not exist, at any rate has not yet been brought to light. In all probability More mistook for an earlier translation either Wyclif's first version, as distinct from Purvey's—for it was Purvey's version that More was acquainted with—or possibly a copy of the Anglo-Saxon version.[1] Apart also from the translation of the Apocalypse 'the reasons for believing that any biblical version, or part of it, substantially preceded the Wycliffite ones are small....Even the midland glossed gospels, almost certainly the earliest, were written through Wycliffite inspiration.'[3]

Cardinal Gasquet, in his scepticism as to the origin of the Wycliffite versions, made a point from the fact that neither Wyclif's nor Purvey's version correspond in the slightest with the complete translation of the Sunday

1 See Well's *Manual*, 407, 482.
2 Edited by Miss M. J. Powell for the Early English Text Society in 1916.
3 See Wells, *l.c.*, 289 ff.
1 Purvey tells us, writing in 1405, that 'there was a man of London, his name was Wyring, had a Bible in English of northern speech, and it seemed two hundred year old'—evidently the Anglo-Saxon version of Abbott Aelfric of Eynsham (†1020).
3 Deanesly, op. cit. 315.

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Gospels, given by Wyclif in his English Sermons. [4] Until recently this was explained away by supposing that Wyclif when preaching would have the Vulgate open before him and made his translation as he went along. But it is scarcely probable that Wyclif would find time—for his life is incredibly full—to write out in full his English sermons. The *Sermons* in their present form are more likely to be the transcript from his notes, made by one of his assistants for the benefit of his poor priests or travelling preachers. But the vernacular gospels in Wyclif's *Sermons* prove how strongly the tide was flowing towards translation, as well as the slow stages by which the translation of a complete Bible was reached. We have, in fact, no less than three prose translations still surviving of the Sunday Gospels with homilies attached. The best known of these is that of Wyclif to which we have referred, the popularity of which is evidenced by the survival of 19 manuscripts, in spite of all the efforts to suppress Wyclif's works. Here homily and translation are interwoven. Strange to say, here once Wyclif gives two sermons on the same Gospel, but the translation is completely different, a fact which would seem to point to different assistant translators. The *Sermons*, therefore, give us one of Wyclif's essays in Gospel translation. But the fact that they are more free from the clumsy renderings and attempts to follow the Latin word order so characteristic of the Wyclif version would seem to point to a date intermediate between Wyclif's version and Purvey's, or else to show—and this seems to me the more probable—that they were edited by one of his followers. If translated by Wyclif they are conclusive proof that he had nothing to do with the clumsy paraphrases of the Gospels in the first version. There were also two other prose translations of the Sunday Gospels, one existing in four manuscripts and the other in two. The writer of the first, who lived apparently after Wyclif's death, expected considerable opposition, and in consequence 'my name,' he wrote, 'will I not name for the enemies that might hear it.' The second was written about 1400.

We have dwelt at such length on the problems connected with the lollard translations that we must forbear all examination of the other contention of Sir Thomas More and Dr. Gasquet, that the Church before the Reformation did not discourage vernacular Scriptures. The main part of Miss Deanesly's work is the careful collection of all the evidence as to the attitude of the medieval Church to the use of the Bible by the laity both in England and abroad. The result is to demolish altogether Dr. Gasquet's arguments and to show that in the main, stripped of its excesses, the old Protestant tradition was correct. On the Continent the demand for vernacular Scriptures would appear to have been the work of the German mystics, Friends of God, and Brethren of the Common Life in the Rhine Valley, and was frowned upon both by the parochial clergy and the friars. But the denunciation of vernacular Scriptures was by no means unanimous and ranged from the cautious pronouncements of the Roman Curia, e. t. that of Gregory XI in 1375, and of the larger synods, down to the wild utterances of individual bishops and controversial friars and inquisitors.

[4] These were published by T. Arnold, *Select English Works of J. Wyclif*, 3 vols., Oxford, 1871.

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Some of the opponents refused to allow the literal translation of any part, unaccompanied by an explanation, lest it should be wrested to a wrong meaning. The more moderate insisted on the sacred Vulgate being published side by side with the construe; or that the vernacular Scriptures should be licensed and supervised, this last the characteristic compromise of the synod of Oxford. This skilful provision gave the authorities all they desired. Licences could be granted to the rich and powerful, and also to well-known priests or monasteries, but for the poor to have a copy of the English Bible without a license was to have taken the first step towards the fire both for book and owner. The self-education of the laity in spiritual things through the spread of vernacular Scriptures was no part of the business of the medieval Church.[1]

H. B. WORKMAN.

# CARLYLE AND EMERSON

BY J. M. SLOAN

From *The Landmark, April*

(ORGAN OF THE 'ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION')

On a brilliant Sunday in August, 1833, Emerson arrived on the moors at Craigenputtock. He was a widower at thirty, interested in letters and philosophy, who had made a first visit to Europe attracted by several living writers, one of whom was Thomas Carlyle, whose *Essays*, as they appeared in the *Reviews* had suggested to him the arrival of a new prophet, especially the essay entitled 'Characteristics.' He drove from Dumfries to Craigenputtock furnished with an introduction from Stuart Mill, was warmly welcomed, and invited to stay overnight.

Carlyle was then in his thirty-eighth year, and denied his niche, 'a lonely scholar nourishing his mighty heart.' He had written 'Sartor' two years before, but failed to find a publisher for the manuscript, which his gifted wife read and returned to her despondent partner in the struggle saying: 'It is a work of genius, dear!' Upon the exiled Carlyles the winsome young American dropped like 'an angel out of the clouds,' a messenger of hope, a call to self-confidence. Jane Welsh described the visit as 'an enchantment, which left her weeping that it was only one day.' To Carlyle the stranger was an 'apparition.' He told his mother that the American was 'one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked upon,' and added: 'Jane says it is the first journey since Noah's Deluge undertaken to Craigenputtock for such a purpose.' Emerson, who found Carlyle 'one of the most simple and frank of men,' has left us a graphic account of the visit in his 'English Traits.'

Emerson instructed Fraser, the London publisher, to send him his magazine, in which 'Sartor' was about to appear in instalments. After four

1 For a good account of medieval religious life, I may commend B. L. Manning's *The People's Faith in the Time of Wyclif* (1919).

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numbers had reached him in Boston, he ventured upon his first letter to Carlyle. It was then May, 1834, and the Carlyles were getting settled in Chelsea. One of the noblest compositions ever written by one genius to a contemporary, by the younger man to a senior, is this opening letter of a correspondence, published in two volumes, than which there is not in all literature a more worthy or more inspiring record of friendship. No arrangement with a view to correspondence had been made. Emerson writes as a stranger introducing himself for the second time, ventures upon certain friendly criticisms of *Sartor*, and proclaims his self-respect and independence in this memorable sentence: 'And though with all my heart I would stand well with my poet, yet if I offend I shall quietly retreat into my universal relations, wherefrom I affectionately espy you as a man, myself as another.'

In the following August Carlyle replied. He was then, in Johnson's famous phrase, 'struggling for life in the water.' He reciprocated Emerson's overtures of friendship with a gush of warm sentiment, and alluded to his 'prophetic dream' of emigrating to America—'that I might end in the Western Woods.' For the next ten years Carlyle experienced a desperate economic struggle. By his own frequent confession Emerson was largely helpful to him. His heart was deeply touched by the tragic aspect of the situation—a man of titanic power denied ordinary comforts in exchange for exceptional scholarship and a literary style which proclaimed him the artist with words. He gathered together a group of cultured Bostonians, and set them to work with the end in view of getting money for Carlyle out of America. Emerson himself was the literary agent, Dr. Le Baron Russell edited *Sartor*, first published in Boston as an entire volume, and Freeman Clarke, among others, assisted Emerson to make business for Carlyle.

Alike in moral stimulus and in financial aid derived from the sale of his books in America, Emerson sustained Carlyle throughout his London period of 'desperate hope.' In 1835 he wrote to the despairing, gloom-encompassed dyspeptic at Chelsea, saying: 'Believe when you are weary, that you who stimulate and rejoice virtuous young men, do not write a line in vain.' In 1838 Emerson wrote in his diary: 'A letter this morning from Thomas Carlyle. How should he be so poor? It is the most creditable poverty I know of;' and immediately thereafter he concluded a letter thus: 'Farewell, dear wise man, I think your poverty honourable above the common brightness of that thorn-crown of the great.' Remittances from Boston, sent by Emerson, arrived regularly at Chelsea. Ingratitude was never among the defects of Carlyle's qualities.

He was exuberant in his recognition of the unwearied devotion to his interest of the Bostonians, who had saved him 'from the dread of being thrown into the street, or compelled to borrow money.' He refused to examine the accounts sent by Emerson, and added: 'At bottom this money was all yours; not a penny of it belonged to me by any law except that of helpful friendship.'

Carlyle was repeatedly invited to America both before and after his successful venture as lecturer in Willis' Rooms, London. But the American visit was finally abandoned when Emerson made his second visit to England in 1847-48. Carlyle then

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cooperated with Alexander Ireland in preparing engagements in the interests of his friend, and entertained him at Chelsea for a quiet week on his arrival. Emerson then recorded in his diary that he was more profoundly impressed than before with the depth and range of Carlyle's scholarship and intellectual power. His grand feature, he observed, was his 'moral sense.' He chiefly astonished Emerson by his 'perception of the sole importance of truth and justice.'

Before Emerson and Longfellow arrived at fame, it could hardly be said that America had a literature of her own. Nichol in his *Lectures on American Literature* tells of an American lady, early in the last century, having been asked: 'Who are your poets?' She replied: 'Among others, we have Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton.' Young Americans upon distinction in letters earnestly bent, imitated Emerson when visiting England by seeking an introduction to Carlyle. Emerson provided the introductions, and for his sake none of them was repulsed, none coldly received, in the home of the Carlyles at Chelsea. Even after fame made callers a torment to Carlyle, he never uttered a grumble, or an Annandale expletive, when any friend of Emerson arrived. No American with a greeting from Concord shared the fate of George Gilfillan, who called once too often, and from the lobby overheard Carlyle exclaim within, on seeing the visitor's card: 'that Dundee windbag again!'

In 1835, during the first year of Carlyle's residence in London, Emerson sent both Henry Barnard and Longfellow to Chelsea, who were received 'as one sees worthy souls from a far country, who cannot abide with you, who throw you a kind greeting as they pass.' Seven years later, when Carlyle was escaping from *res Augusta domi*, Bronson Alcott was introducee by Emerson, and received with a measure of toleration and patience by which Carlyle was astonished in himself—'the good Alcott: with his long, lean face and figure, with his gray worn temples and mild radiant eyes; all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age; he comes before one like a kind of venerable Don Quixote, whom nobody can even laugh at without loving!' Margaret Fuller, Henry Hedge, Senator E. R. Hoar, and, in the sixties, Moncure Conway, were among other distinguished Americans to whom Carlyle pleasantly made concessions of time at the call of his Concord friend and benefactor. Conway, when resident in London, was a privileged visitor in Cheyne Row. He amused Carlyle by quoting a satiric epigram from one of Emerson's lectures: 'The American eagle is a mighty bird; but what is he to the American peacock?'

In the sequent period from 1848 to 1866, the two geniuses occupied widely different points of view in respect of Abolition and the American Civil War. Carlyle's essay on *The Nigger Question* and his *Latter-Day Pamphlets* expressed a titanic mind moving among seas of thought far removed from the democratic humanitarianism which brought Emerson into line with the American movement for Emancipation, and justified his uncompromising support of Lincoln and the Federal cause.

Fewer letters than before passed between Chelsea and Concord, but no serious breach of friendship occurred. Presentation copies of all new books were mutually exchanged. Car-

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lyle helped to introduce Emerson's *Essays* to English readers, and vehemently declared that 'the conduct of life' was to him the 'one completely human voice' anywhere to be heard, the voice of the thinker and friend 'with sphere-music in it.' Emerson described *Frederick*, after he had received the *History* volume by volume, as 'infinitely the wittiest book that ever was written,' and proclaimed Carlyle 'the best head in Europe,' who had 'restored the scholar's profession to its highest use and dignity.'

In 1872, as veterans of fame, the two friends met in London for the last time. When Carlyle died in 1881 Emerson ventured out of doors to say of him in public what was originally spoken of John Knox—'he never feared the face of man.' At the burial of Carlyle, America was fitly represented by Moncure Conway. On his death-bed a year later, Emerson raised his eyes towards a portrait of Carlyle and lisped feebly the significant words —'That good man my friend!' By the friendship of great men on both sides, in succeeding generations, much more than by diplomatic treaties and alliances, such friendships as that of Emerson and Carlyle and that of Lowell and Leslie Stephen, the public opinion is nurtured, which, in the words of Mr. John W. Davis in his farewell speech, 'in both countries rises to denounce the mere suggestion of a breach between us.'

# INTERVIEWING HINDENBURG

BY COMMANDANT d'ETCHEGOYEN

From *L'Independance Belge, April* 6. *No.* 96
(BELGIAN NATIONALIST LIBERAL DAILY)

GENERAL Field Marshal Von Hindenburg is beyond question the most popular man in Germany. A resident of Berlin summarizes the sentiment toward him aptly in these words: 'If Marshal Von Hindenburg were twenty years younger, he would be made the ruler of the country, whether we liked it or not, by the unanimous suffrages of the German people.'

This explained the admiring stare of the young taxi driver in front of my hotel, when I carelessly gave him the address: Seelhorststrasse, No. 32.

'Seelhorststrasse, No. 32?' he repeated to assure himself there was no mistake.

'Yes.'

'Marshal Von Hindenburg's house?' he asked again.

'Yes.'

Obviously impressed, the lad hurriedly started his machine and dashed down the street with me at a dizzy speed.

It seemed hardly a minute before the taxi stopped in front of a comfortable villa on a broad pleasant street, a house typical of whole sections of the larger cities of Northern Germany. Nothing distinguished the Marshal's residence from its neighbors except,—for the observant eye—the presence of two Reichswehr soldiers in the silent avenue. They strolled about with a detached air, which, however, did not conceal their vigilance.

The little mansion is of gray granite, simple, massive, very German, and quite unpretentious. A gate, three paces of sidewalk, five steps, a little porch, and one is in front of a door

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bearing a small copper plate, upon which the name of the illustrious soldier is engraved in Gothic letters.

In response to my ring, a young valet with a little bushy mustache, looking like a soldier in mufti, in his striped white and blue livery and white cravat, opened the door. He took my card and my letter of introduction to the Marshal on a silver tray, and disappeared. In a few moments he returned and said: 'His Excellency desires to know your nationality. Is it English, American, Dutch?'

'French.'

'French?' he repeated in blank astonishment. I confess that I felt uncomfortable for a moment and feared that, in spite of my introduction, I was to be shown the door.

But my apprehension was unnecessary. The young valet quickly came back, bowed respectfully, and asked me to follow.

We passed through a drawing room, the walls of which were covered with hunting trophies, ranging all the way from the great antlers of the giant stags of Lithuania to the diminutive horns of Tyrolese chamois.

However, I had little time to observe these things. The door opened, and I saw the Marshal seated in the bright illumination of a tall bay window at a long table covered with books and papers. He immediately rose, stepped forward to meet me, and offered me a chair.

It was easy to recognize the virile features so familiar from his pictures. His thick white hair was cut pompadour. His piercing eyes flashed inquiringly under their heavy lids. His presence was imposing, and his movements were deliberate, although astoundingly alert for a man of sixty-four. The only difference I notice was that his mustache, which is but slightly gray, is not as long as it appears in his portraits. When I saw him, it was cut quite short. He loomed up before me tall and square-shouldered, his black jacket buttoned to the top with military preciseness, and then took a seat in a deep leather-covered chair by my side. I noticed in the corner back of him a white marble bust of Kaiser Wilhelm with crowns hanging from its pedestal. On an ebony table were several framed photographs and metal knickknacks. On a center table within reach of his hand was the blue bound volume of the French translation of the Marshal's recent book, *Mein Leben.*

We had hardly exchanged the usual courtesies of introduction when the General fixed his eyes sharply on me and said: 'I never give interviews to newspaper men. I have received you as a private citizen, because you have been introduced by one of my friends, who assures me that as an officer and a gentleman I can trust to your discretion. I do not want a single word of what I say to you to appear in a newspaper.' Though it was a disappointing promise for me to make, I was obliged to give it; therefore, to my great regret, I am unable to report what was said during more than an hour of interesting conversation.

However, is its substance not known in a general way by the public addresses which the Marshal has delivered, and by his well-known opinions regarding the peace conditions imposed upon his country by the Treaty of Versailles and the Paris Conference? Has not every one read his book, *Mein Leben,* and learned there his views of the Great War?

Nevertheless, I did not want to be completely defeated, and somewhat reassured by the free way in which

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General Hindenburg revealed his thoughts and talked of his past, after receiving my promise not to print what he said, I returned to this question.

'Marshal Hindenburg, you have my promise that nothing that you have told me will be published. Nevertheless, in view of the critical relations between our two countries, a word from you would attract great attention, especially if you could say something likely to lead to a better understanding. Will you allow me to address a question to you and publish a reply?'

'No.'

'Just one question, and I will promise you to write it precisely as you dictate it.'

The Marshal hesitated a moment, then suddenly made up his mind.

'Let's know your question first.'

'The war is already history,' I said, pointing to his book upon the center table. 'The present friction is too acute to be discussed with impartiality. The future is what interests us now. Do you not believe that quarrels between nations, like those between individuals, are often caused by mere misunderstandings? We do not know each other well enough. Were the people of our two nations to visit each other more, to be more neighborly, would this not lessen the probabilities of war? Alsace and Lorraine were for a long period an insurmountable obstacle to friendly relations. That obstacle no longer exists. Your Kaiser dreamed of bringing about a close collaboration between our two countries. What do you conceive may be our relations at some future period, when time may have healed the wounds of today?'

The Marshal listened with wrinkled brows, fixing me with a sharp glance of his half-closed eyes, as if to make up his mind whether I would misuse what he said.

'Very well, I am going to give you an answer, but in German. Then we will translate it together, word for word, so that my thought will be reproduced exactly.'

'Agreed, Your Excellency.'

'If we could become better acquainted with each other by traveling back and forth, that might perhaps pave the way to a better understanding. But so long as France exhibits the hatred toward us that it does at present, although we are nominally at peace, and so long as the measures you are taking against us continue to intensify our hatred for you, that is impossible. We are nominally at peace, but moral war continues.'

I promised to give Hindenburg's reply without changing a dot or a comma. There it is. Marshal Von Hindenburg defends the German position. I do not blame him. It is for us, the victors, to defend our position.

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# LIFE, LETTERS AND THE ARTS

## A MOSLEM ECCLESIASTES

ABU'L-ALA-MA'ARRI, a Syrian Moslem poet and philosopher of the eleventh century, whose thought is strongly suggestive of the *Book of Ecclesiastes*, has recently been translated into English by Dr. R. A. Nicholson. Ma'arri is a voluminous writer. His works, before any had been lost, numbered 70, one of them in 90 volumes.

Dr. Nicholson has selected for translation 332 odes from the 1592 which are included in Ma'arri's *Meditations*. The poet's themes may be summed up as the pain of life, the peace of death, the wickedness and folly of mankind, the power of fate, the emptiness of ambition, the duty of renunciation. Ma'arri is no more consistent than Ecclesiastes, for in one ode he suggests that all sacred books, Christian, Jewish, or Moslem, are alike impostures, and that the world would have been far happier if only the prophets had kept hands off, while in another he adopts the tone and language of the most orthodox and devout follower of Mohammed. His verses raise much the same questions as *Ecclesiastes:* If the poet is a believer, why does he rail against all faiths, his own included? If he is atheist or agnostic, why does he ever and again adopt the manner of the devotee? Certain pious Mohammedans—evidently quite guiltless of a sense of humor,—have suggested the necessities of metre as the true explanation, though without making it clear why heresy should lend itself to versification better than orthodoxy.

Dr. Nicholson's translations are partly in English rhymed verse and partly in blank verse in imitation of the rhythm of the original. A few are in Latin, since the classical language seems best suited to reproduce Ma'arri's difficult native metre. The English rhymed verse is a good deal easier for English-speaking readers, but lacks the exotic flavor which Dr. Nicholson has succeeded in carrying over from the original, in his blank verse. Here is a specimen of Ma'arri's most pessimistic mood:

> Men are as fire: a spark it throws,
> Which, being kindled, spreads and grows.
> Both swallow-wort and palm to-day
> Earth breeds, and neither lasts for aye.
> Had men wit, happy would they call
> The kinsfolk at the funeral,
> Nor messengers would run with joy
> To greet the birthday of a boy.

Ma'arri's distaste for religion, when it finds emphatic expression, has a fine indifference to lines of distinction between faiths and philosophies, for he is quite capable of hating them all. He abounds in abuse of Judaism, and in the following passage rails at both Christianity and Mohammedanism with truly scientific impartiality:

> I see multitudes that hope the grace of their Lord to win
> By kissing a corner-stone and wearing a crucifix.
> But pardon me, O my God! At Mecca shall I throw on



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Amongst pilgrims newly come the raiment of one insane,
And go down to water-pools along with some fine fellows
From Yemen, who never cared to dig for themselves a well?

### A KREISLER QUARTET FOR STRINGS

THE London String Quartette, which played in the United States during most of the past winter, is again touring at home. On May 9, at Aeolian Hall, these competent musicians played for the first time a quartette by Fritz Kreisler. Although very little is known with regard to this work, Mr. Kreisler's eminence as a violinist is itself sufficient to make the production of any of his music a matter of interest. Its performance in London is peculiarly fitting, since it was there that Mr. Kreisler gained much of his early musical reputation.

### MR. SQUIRE'S PARODIES*

MR. SQUIRE has collected all his various parodies into one volume with delightful effect. Here are, besides the recently re-published *Tricks of the Trade,* his *Imaginary Speeches* and *Steps to Parnassus.*

This column is not the place to discuss the prose part of the book, though the imaginary reviews of the works of various poets contain some shrewd hits. Mr. Squire's perception of the fine shade of poetic inanity is astonishing. We have 'The Hell-for-Leather Ballad':

'Tis a mile and a mile as a man may march
With Hope and his sins for load
Or ever he win from the Marble Arch
To the end of the Tottenham Road!

and 'The Exquisite Sonnet,' where 'Time's acolyte' forlornly frustrates the sunset.

No purple mars the chalice; not a bird
Shrills o'er the solemn silence of thy fame.

There is another poem whose title is perhaps the best part:

The Contempt for Civilization and Geography
Fraternal with the Elements
Plein Air Piece
For the deeps are calling, calling,
And the clouds sail slow,
And the wild in my breast has wakened
And I rise and go.

He has also hit off with great success 'The Newspaper Pastoral':

The summer is a-coming and the bumble bee's a-humming,
(An' it's O to be with you, dear, by the shining Devon sea!)
And the finches in the coppice know the golden whin's a-blooming.
(An' it's O to be in Devon when the bloom is on the bee!)

We wish that a course of good parody were compulsory for aspirant poets. As we have said before, parody has the advantage over criticism that all art has over didactics. By reading parodies or witnessing *Macbeth* a dissatisfaction either with murders or *cliches,* as the case may be, is made to spring within the breast of the would-be poet or murderer. The preacher and the reviewer apply pressure from without and are generally met by an exactly equivalent internal resistance.

### DON JUAN ON THE STAGE.

THE vogue of Don Juan grows daily in Paris. He struts, or has strutted, or will strut, on every stage. At the Maison de L'Oeuvre Mr. Lugne-Poe has just given us a Don Juan play, by Henry de Regnier, under the title of *Les Scrupules de Sganarelle.* At the Theatre de Paris *L'Homme la Rose,* by Henry Bataille, has enjoyed a remarkable success. The theme of the play is the experience of a middle-aged Don Juan who survives his reputation, and after witnessing his own funeral finds himself shorn of his glamour, not at all a lady-killer. Then there has just been published posthumously the work of Edmond Rostand, *La Derniere Nuit de Don Juan,* in which the

* *Collected Parodies.* By J. C. Squire. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net.

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Spanish hero is stripped of his prestige. In every cabaret Don Juan figures at this moment. Mozart's opera has a permanent place in the repertory. Tirso de Molina, in composing his *Burlador de Sevilla* after an old monkish chronicle, little thought that he had created an indestructible type who would figure in French, Italian, English, German, and Polish literature. Moliere, Shaw, Byron, Dumas, Merimee, Balzac,—who has not added a leaf to the crown of the immortal Don Juan?

THE POETRY OF MORLEY ROBERTS.

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS is an English writer of short stories whom the London *Morning Post* recently compared very favorably with 'the rather overrated O. Henry.' Although most of his work has hitherto been fiction, Mr. Roberts has just published a first book of verse* in which his latent poetic power, occasionally revealed in his stories—has found full expression.

His book is called *Lyra Mutabilis*. The poems are in varied moods. Although he has been hailed as 'a new Elizabethan' and has been compared to such elder poets as Andrew Marvell, Mr. Roberts is, after all, a very modern person. He has concentration and clarity and a perfect fusion of sound and sense which give the latter comparison an appropriateness not at all marred by his occasional touches of genuine though subtle humor. The inclusion of these lines in a volume of Marvell would not surprise any one:

She is soft—the gentlest She—
And as hard as ivory.
Full of help for sore distress
And entirely pitiless.
Wise as any and as sweet
And as bitter, to complete
All the many ways she shows.
She a rock is—and a rose,
Honey and a sharpened sting:
Brace and fearful. She can bring
Knowledge of remote romance
From the castles of old France,
Then you find her on her knees
Poring on Thucydides,
Or upon a fireside mat
With great Cæsar and a cat.
Books she loves and books she hates:
Life embraces and abates
Half her love because it seems
Woven not from tissued dreams.

Passages are not wanting which indicate that Mr. Roberts is quite capable of the fine frenzy and that it is only a severe self-restraint which keeps him from rising to the heights of Elizabethan hyperbole. He can be as fantastical as his predecessors of three hundred years ago. As witness this quatrain:

My shadow my companion was
And more myself at times than I,
For he had thoughts that reached the stars
And when the sun went he would fly.

His poems of sorrow are more modern. There is a certain proud restraint in these poems which holds in check the expression of his emotion but does not conceal the simple sincerity which is its finest characteristic. Restraint, simplicity and sincerity, to be sure, are qualities none too prominent in modern poets; and yet there is something in these verses which is of our day and generation only. The dedicatory poem is a good example:

How few, how bitter few, I save
Of all my thoughts that bud and grow
To lay them on her lonely grave
Or keep to tell her when I go.
Yet in the sacred house of rest
It may be that she lies asleep
Still holding to her loving breast
My thoughts before I learnt to weep.

And Mr. Roberts's aspirations for immortality are pitched in the same subdued key. He has learned from

*_Lyra Mutabilis_. By Morley Roberts, Blackwell, 5s, net.

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Love and Life and from 'the great books of the dead'.

They taught me what they could,
I learned the little I may.
Perhaps a child may take me
Out of a shelf some day.

That contrasts sharply with

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rime

though of course the Elizabethan poet had rather brighter prospects for immortality than Mr. Roberts is likely to claim.

Not the least of his Elizabethan qualities is Mr. Roberts's willingness to go and take what he thinks he may require—a practice which may have originated with Homer, but which certainly did not die with him. Mr. Roberts has a truly Elizabethan lack of shame about it. In fact he rather plumes himself upon his borrowings,

To build a great cathedral
Is more than honesty.

Forewarned by Mr. Roberts himself, we know he steals; he knows we know. We shall not tell, nor make a fuss—especially not when his self-confessed pilferings result in simple and sincere lyrics like this:

I loved a friend
And she loved me
With all her heart's
Sincerity.

I gave to her
All that I could
She gave me more—
She understood.

## LITTLE KNOWN SAVAGES IN SUMATRA

THE Kubus, a race still utterly savage, who inhabit the vast virgin forests of Southern Sumatra have been investigated by Professor Wilhelm Volz, the geographer of Breslau. Professor Volz found these people struggling so hard for life in the forests that they grow old at twenty and seldom reach the age of thirty.

The Kubus are cut off from the outside world by the mountains along the west coast of Sumatra and vast swamps along the east coast. Between these almost impenetrable barriers they live a nomadic life, settling only near the rivers, in small, scattered groups. They neither hunt or fish, possess no arms, and few implements, living much as tree-dwelling anthropoid apes must have lived, except that they have learned to drive short pieces of wood into tree trunks to serve as steps.

The Kubus seem to be almost alone among primitive people in possessing no burial customs. When one of their number dies, they leave the body where it lies, and go their way without ceremony. They possess a language with very simple vocabulary, since their ideas do not go beyond the needs of everyday life, and Professor Volz was unable to discover any religious ideas.

## A PLAYWRIGHT'S FLATTERY

As M. Romain Coolus, a French playwright well known as the author of *Les Amants de Sazy* and *Antoinette Sabrier,* was about to sign his name on the register of a Riviera hotel, he was brusquely pushed aside by a heavily built man, overdressed, and evidently a *nouveau riche.* The newcomer pompously signed his name, 'M Joseph and his valet,' and strolled away without deigning further to notice the existence of the dramatist, who had been quietly enjoying his own predicament. But when M. Coolus observed the new signature, he took a wicked revenge. Seizing the pen which the intruder had let fall, he inscribed immediately beneath his name: 'M. Romain Coolus—and his valise.'

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[*The Venturer*]

## THE CAPTIVE GOD

BY HARENDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAY

God is as much a prisoner, dear friend,
as you or I;
His potency is limited, and narrow
is His being . .
And while we struggle on the earth,
He weepeth in the sky,
Held in innumerable bonds for an
eternal freeing.

God is a mighty captive in the sky's
enamelled tower . . .
Vast ages greyly wander and in pity
pass Him by.
He dare not even save the fragile mur-
der of a flower,
Nor hush the arrow-wounded bird's
heart-agonizing cry.

[*To-Day*]

## ECHO

BY N. C. HERMON-HODGE

Where the Weeping Beech stands, in the glade of Pan,
Laughing in the twilight, Echo laid a snare—
Stretch'd a cunning hidden net of woven spider-hair,
Slender, oh, but cunning! for the stumbling foot of Man,
Then spread his careless wings. . . .
Hark! how sweet the white-throat sings . . .
O little, tender, scented dreams of half-forgotten things!

Whoso treads the Wood way, by the tree of tears,
Heed! let him heed how he goes; lest evermore
Lamenting in his ear, adown the golden days of yore
Shall drift a little echo of the bygone years
That the wood-wind brings. . . .
Hush. How sweet the white-throat sings . . .
O little, tender, scented dreams of long forgotten things!

[*The New Witness*]

## SONG

BY F. S. CORYN

Wind along the cornfields,
Wind across the grass;
My love is like a clinging vine
That will not let you pass;
For should it let you pass, Love,
The heart of me would be
Just wind across the grass, Love,
Afar from thee.

Wind along the seashore,
Wind across the spray;
My love is like the great white ships
To carry you away;
To carry you away, Love,
For should it let you be,
My heart would break like spray, Love,
Afar from thee.

[*The Outlook*]

## FOREBODING

BY EDGELL RICKWORD

Sometimes through deep pools on the hills of Sleep
That mirror gloomy forests of the skies,
I watch the grey clouds of the day-time sweep
In silence sadder than the sombre cries
Of men imprisoned in old caves, who weep.

Sometimes a mist of music falls in shower
And all those dim weeds are as tempest strewn;
Then the pale face of Death's impatient hour
Breaks through the rain-torn leaves, a sudden Moon
Crinkling the water like a silver flower.



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